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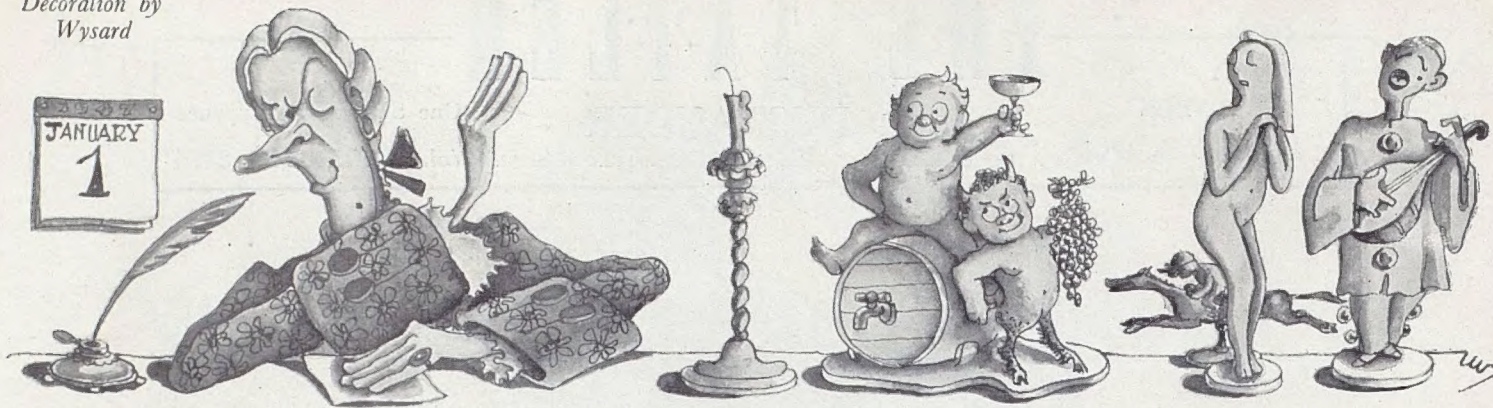


Harlip

Mme. Ruegger, Wife of the Swiss Minister

One of the most popular of London's diplomatic hostesses, Madame Paul Ruegger, wife of the Swiss Minister, was formerly Countess Isabelle Salazar, daughter of the late General Count Michel Salazar y Munatones, and of the late Duchess Anna Dusmet de Smours. Her uncle, the late Admiral Eduard Salazar, was Grand Prior of the Sovereign Order of Malta for the Two Sicilies. Mme. Ruegger, who married Dr. Paul Ruegger in Rome when he was there as first counsellor (he was later Swiss Minister to Italy) has been in London nearly three years, as Dr. Ruegger was appointed Minister to Britain in 1944

Decoration by
Wysard



Portraits in Print

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS. 1. To love the Russians. How far we have journeyed from those happy days when Orel was on the lips of every B.B.C. announcer, and old gentlemen in golf clubs told charming stories about Marshal Stalin. Monsieur Molotov's "No!" repeated like a drum-tattoo from San Francisco to last month, the tyranny over Eastern Europe, an unrelenting anti-British and anti-American propaganda from the U.S.S.R., the indiscipline and brutalities of the Russian occupying forces—all have combined to confuse and enrage us.

But we certainly have no intention of fighting the Russians. For the late war has at least taught us the folly of attempting to destroy totalitarianism by warlike means. We can only master the totalitarian principle—whether Fascist or Communist—by proving that our system works better than does theirs. Besides,



we have no desire to see the world divided into two great camps, with us in the anti-Russian lines. The rivalries of American and Russian imperialisms are no concern of Western Europe.

A Matter of Standards

SOMEHOW, therefore, we must discount Russian suspicion, remembering that the Russian people have been sustained for thirty years by a carefully nurtured sense of isolation in the midst of a wicked capitalistic world pledged to the overthrow of the Workers' State; and that the Soviet authorities are probably no crueiler to the conquered races—Germans, Poles, Lithuanians, Austrians, Hungarians, Rumanians—than they are habitually to their own people. The present Russian régime is no doubt more savage than the Tsarist system, if only because it is more efficient. But appalling standards of brutality have to our Western way of thinking always reigned in Russia.

Consider with what sadism Peter the Great exterminated the "Old Believers." Remember the mental tortures inflicted upon the young Dostoevsky, before his reprieve, literally off the scaffold: the gruesome procedure of the great "Purge" just before the war, when revolutionary veterans were induced to "confess" to senseless acts of sabotage quite inconsistent with the whole of their careers and beliefs. No. It is a waste of time to apply

to the Russians the measurements of Western civilized behaviour. Instead, I must just try to like them. . . .

Logical

RESOLUTION 2. To rejoice in the plenty now enjoyed by the Americans this Christmas, not to be exasperated by stories of American housewives turning up noses at white eggs and insisting upon brown ones: nor of liquor stores pleading with their customers to take gin off their hands by the case.

After all, it is entirely the fault of our turbulent and experimental natures this side of the Atlantic that Europe starves and thirsts while America bursts with food, and that wonders of the world like Rimini and Wurzburg lie in ruins, while Peoria goes unscathed. Why should we expect the Americans to deprive themselves of anything to save a world they have always been taught to despise? In the days when Thackeray was constantly assuring the English they were larger and better than the French because they ate more beef than their late enemies, how readily, I wonder, would our great-grandparents have come to the aid of a beefless Continent? If you allow yourself the luxury of individual opinions, you must run the risk of starving. Here is a nice comforting motto for my 1947 cracker.

RESOLUTION 3. To get thinner. Not primarily by discipline. This is no epoch for adding private austerities to publicly imposed ones. Rather, then, by deserting one's work-table for the stern tonic of the British open air. And since nothing is more intolerable than



exercise for exercise's sake, I must start to kill things again, at least on the scale to which I was accustomed before the war. Long days must be consecrated to the walking of stubble and plough after partridges, to wading through particularly glutinous bogs after snipe. But shooting is expensive—expensive in cash laid out on cartridges and tips, expensive in a writer's precious time. I am therefore involved in a fresh resolution, viz.:

RESOLUTION 4. To work much less hard, but more profitably, in 1947 than in 1946. Away with all those exhortations to industry which our parents, secure in their *rentier* incomes, delighted to bestow upon us. Why can I not

be out this morning in the meadows, which call so crisply through the windowpanes?

Technical Hitch

JOURNEYING home through the snow last night we stopped at a certain antique shop, where I was sorely tempted by a pair of fantastic chairs, obviously made for some mid-eighteenth century grotto. But R—rightly pointed out their dominantly visceral mood, as if they had been designed by some Salvador Dali of the Rococo. To make them cosy, she held, I should put a rubber watch upon one, and tie a piece of calf's liver to the stretcher of the other.



My children, however, already outdo either their mother or Señor Dali in surrealist conceits. For instance, as I wrote this morning, at once lulled and stimulated by a new recording of *Petroushka* on the gramophone, I was troubled at the disposition of my typewriter to jam when the carriage had travelled but half its course. A few minutes ago the machine gave an agonizing belch, then spewed up a razor blade between ribbon and roller.

Tyrants and Crooners

IHAVE been fascinated by the political and aesthetic tastes of a young Glasgow murderer, recently tried. Addicted to hero-worship, he adored at the shrines of Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, and Frank Sinatra. Personally I consider Sinatra much less repulsive than he might be, just as I am forced into a queasy admiration of Marshal Stalin, and would never disparage the beastly greatness of Hitler.

But that is hardly the point. What fascinates me is the similarity of seduction exerted by crooner and totalitarian tyrant. The bobbysocks of today are the mothers of tomorrow's storm troopers. Hitler and Sinatra won their way to fame, each by a break in his voice. At Nuremberg the Fuehrer's voice—the most exciting, if also the most brazenly "kitsch," voice ever to echo through the solemnities of German politics—would rise in a series of leaps to a shrill yelp, then break. Just as Sinatra's breaks glutinously on the word "love," Hitler would almost croon some bromide about "Deutschland" and her "geschichtliches schicksaal" and the "sieg Heils" would whirl like a tropical storm. But personally I would rather be ruled by Mr. Bing Crosby than Professor Laski.

Constance Garnett

I NEVER enjoyed the privilege of knowing Constance Garnett; yet I owe to her distinguished shade a debt far greater than I do to many a dead friend or relative. For it was almost entirely by her translations that I came into the magical world of Turgenev (1818-1883). Henry James, I believe, considered Turgenev almost the greatest novelist who had ever lived; the older I grow, the more addicted am I to this opinion.

Far be it from me to disparage the genius of Miss Austen, of the Brontës, of Peacock; of E. M. Forster in our own generation: nor would I minimize the achievements of Dickens and Thackeray, however little I may personally appreciate them. I do not forget Balzac nor Flaubert, nor the perfections of Gide and Giraudoux in this century. Dostoevsky fills me with fascinated awe, and Tolstoy inspires me with a slightly somnolent respect; but Turgenev, for me at least, achieves a penetration, a comprehension of human motives and human frustrations which no other writer of fiction save perhaps Lermontov has ever equalled.

What could be better, more subtle than his picture of Baden-Baden's bright chattering world in *Smoke*? What more evocative than some of the extraordinary short stories in the *Sportsman's Notebook* (*Zapiski Okhotnika*)? The profundities of *Madame Bovary* somehow seem less profound if one turns to them fresh from the pages of Turgenev. And when one considers that his books are for the most part almost a century old, it is astonishing how suited his outlook of gentle, witty despair is to our own age.

German Evictions

THOUGH our military authorities in Germany have slowed down the evictions of Hamburg workers to make way for British soldiers' families, and have reduced the weekly arrivals of such families from seventy to five, I cannot help thinking we are making a grave mistake to sanction any evictions at all, in the depths of a winter hard enough in any case. Of course, in principle, it is an excellent thing that British families should be reunited after seven years of separation—that marriage vows should no longer suffer the strain of absence, and that children should regain their fathers. And I can just understand those who say the Germans deserve all they get, and would have behaved worse had they won.



No doubt they would. But one of our main justifications for making war upon them was their ignorance of and contempt for civilized procedure. And here are we now seeking to excuse our own inhumanities by an appeal to the standards of the enemy.

It is exactly the same in the case of the atomic bomb. In a distinguished weekly review, a prominent writer from among my contemporaries has just argued that the dropping of the bomb on Hiroshima was no criminal act comparable to the crimes of the Germans or the Japanese; that nobody on our side who was involved in the affair, from Mr. Churchill down to the bombardier, can be considered guilty, and that (I quote unfortunately from memory alone) it was "the biggest cruel act but not the cruellest act in history." Here surely is not only special pleading, but thoroughly muddled thinking, too?

Simon Harcourt-Smith



Her Excellency Mme. Cevat Acikalin, wife of the Turkish Ambassador

At THE COURT of ST. JAMES'S

WHAT other great city in the world provides so many opportunities for being near the bubbling fountain-head of international history, for watching vital pages being written, as London? Think, for example, of luncheon one day in the "In and Out" club with a general in a semi-diplomatic post, who is to occupy the centre of the world stage before many months have passed, when his task will be diplomacy on the highest plane; of tea, in obedience to the summons from the most conscientious hostess in the Diplomatic Corps at St. James's; of an evening in Portland Place, amid the jade, the Ming Imperial Blue coffee pots, in the aristocratic study of an Ambassador who is not yet fifty, but already knows as many scintillating stars in the human firmament as few could hope to do in a lifetime?

Quietly, without fuss, the leaders of our time walk in and out of the great London hotels, restaurants and clubs. Their guests are seldom known to the other patrons, or members. The notables are generally humble, and I still recall the superior snort of a club head waiter to a man with a name immortalized by recent events in Europe, who said, "Sorry, but there is no table for three for some time." As the party retired to the lounge, the waiter learnt from me the identity of the disappointed host. He curled up, and drew a table "out of the bag," inside two minutes.

I LEARN'T, in that club, of the aid rendered by the Swiss Intelligence in arranging the first of the German mammoth surrenders to us in 1945, of the risk taken by a Czech who secreted himself in sight of German H.Q. to keep us in touch with developments during the negotiations.

At Mme. Paul Ruegger's reception at the Dorchester guests listened to the envoy of the Quai d'Orsay, M. René Massigli, who pops over to France as if he were doing the journey from Carlton Terrace to Albert Gate House; to the mild, aesthetic Austro-Briton, Sir George Franckenstein, once Austrian Minister, now Austria's principal defender on these shores; to the Swiss Minister, embarrassed by the tributes to his triumphs as welder of Anglo-Swiss understanding and tactful internationalism.

Among the tiny number of Ambassadors in London who are regularly sought out by senior colleagues

for guidance and a tour d'horizon, it is safe to place near the top of the list His Excellency M. Cevat Acikalin, son of the former Chamberlain to Sultan Abdul Hamid, at the Court of the Ottoman Empire.

Cevat (pronounced Jev-vat) Acikalin (Atchik'alın) is smallish, lithe, slight, with almost immobile feet, revealing white hands, blue-grey, restless, twinkling eyes; knows most of the answers to the sousing solemn problems historians will seek to solve in years to come with the aid of grudgingly released portions of official cypher documents.

From Constantinople's Eton, Galata Saray College, he went to study law in Geneva, to ride, play tennis, shoot, hunt, but, unfortunately as he admits, not to golf. Through the early years he raced through a succession of fascinating posts, in the Turkish Foreign Office, as Counsellor in Moscow, as Ambassador in Europe's most strategically interesting capital, as adviser to Amanullah of Afghanistan, then King.

ACIKALIN had kicked his heels impatiently in Moscow while Ribbentrop was busy signing a pact with Molotov in August, 1939, and the Russians rejected Sarajoglu's caresses and proposals for a Soviet-Turkish alliance on the lines of the Anglo-French-Turkish treaty.

When President (then Premier) Inonu went to Moscow to show Kemal Atatürk's friendship, Stalin spoke to Cevat Acikalin; when Roosevelt and Churchill in 1943 argued with Inonu, head of the most-desired state, situated midway between shrinking Europe and expanding Asia, Acikalin heard the encounter. When Papen silkily requested permission for some unneutral act, all through the war, Acikalin had the weary, weekly, privilege of repeating an endless, "No, no." It was a grim task, for the Turks, our allies, were willing, but not ready, to enter the war. We had made, but perhaps not wholly redeemed, our promises. Maybe we could not redeem them in time.

George Bilainkin

January Legato.

At The Pictures

More About "Great Expectations"



Hay Petrie, who plays the pompous Uncle Pumblechook in "Great Expectations," which had its première at the Gaumont, Haymarket recently

"ONE woe doth tread upon another's heels," says somebody in Shakespeare. At Christmas time, for your miserable critic, the exact opposite is the case. Joys butt into his solar plexus in such rapid succession that before he has recovered from one blow he is crumpled up by another. Particularly when, for his sins, the wretch fulfils the double function of being both cinema and drama critic.

In the past five days the unfortunate occupant of this column has had to see half-a-dozen films of varying quality mixed up with Dante's conjuring, Noel Coward's new romance and Shakespeare's inconsiderable trifle entitled *Antony and Cleopatra*. I feel like writing: "After Antony had sawed Cleopatra in half he vanished with Victor Seastrom's *Wind* and satisfied Great Expectations by appearing in the Pacific Ocean in 1860." If, therefore, what follows is a trifle incoherent, the reader's pardon is asked on the score of the writer's acute mental indigestion.

Now let me go back to *Great Expectations* (Gaumont), which I declared last week had been done magnificently. Meaning that Cineguild has done all that any film company could be expected to do. Is the essential Dickens here? No, of course it isn't because it can't be. Yet even so, and begging everybody's pardon, I think that something super magnificent might have been accomplished. For my part the absence of Trabb's boy is unforgivable. Then there is Wemmick who is the essence of staccato. "Here's a church. Let's get married!" In the film Wemmick is reduced to a legato like one of Galsworthy's clerks; little wonder that that clever actor, Ivor Barnard, can do nothing at all about him. Now take that wonderful passage about Pip's debts. Here is the original Dickens:

"My business habits had one other bright feature, which I called 'leaving a Margin.' For example: supposing Herbert's debts to be one hundred and sixty-four pounds four-and-twopence, I would say, 'Leave a margin, and put them down at two hundred.' Or, sup-

posing my own to be four times as much, I would leave a margin, and put them down at seven hundred. I had the highest opinion of the wisdom of this same Margin, but I am bound to acknowledge that on looking back, I deem it to have been an expensive device. For, we always ran into new debt immediately, to the full extent of the margin, and sometimes, in the sense of freedom and solvency it imparted, got pretty far on into another margin."

Do the makers of this film really imagine that all of the foregoing is conveyed by a single shot of a column of figures and Pip's pencil totting them up? Incidentally—and in view of the mental Christmas fog I take great credit for this *aperçu*—what are the odds that Wilde had this passage in mind when he made Mrs. Erlynne say "Margin is everything"?

BUT there my grumbling ceases. Some little time ago I attended a performance of *Macbeth*, and as we were going in I heard a girl say to her friend, "Don't tell me the finish, dear. All I know is that *she* murdered *him*." I stick to it that ninety-five per cent of the audience at this film have never read the book. Wherefore David Lean, the director, is fully justified in making it perfectly clear how Dickens's story begins, middles and ends.

Personally I don't care whether Jagers chokes Compeyson, or Compeyson shoves Magwitch's head into the marsh until the old bore is drowned. I don't care anything at all about Miss Havisham and her idiotic revenge, whose daughter Estella is, or whether she gets her to a nunnery or marries Uncle Pumblechook. I don't care *because I am a Dickensian*, and the real Dickens is not in the plot. Knowing that ninety-five per cent of his audience are not Dickensians, David Lean has had to care, and he has cared with extraordinary skill. He has even achieved the impossible in making a character out of Pip. Now all readers of the novel know that *there is no Pip*, just as there is no David Copperfield, the character in each case being a mere vehicle through which the story can be got over.

In this Lean has been extraordinarily helped by a delightful little boy, Anthony Wager as young Pip, and that brilliant actor John Mills as the grown-up young snob. Helped too by Jean Simmons as the child Estella; here is a little actress of whom more will be heard. Valerie Hobson? Perhaps not too good as the grown-up, hoity-toity young woman, for

the excellent reason that nobody could be.

To me the most extraordinary thing about this film is the way all the actors run away with it in turns. Francis Sullivan begins it with Jagers, who is so real that you want the rest of the film to be about him. Next comes Martita Hunt who makes you wonder why there is any difficulty about finding an actress to play Sarah Bernhardt. Then Freda Jackson who suggests that the film should be called *No Room on the Marshes*. After which Alec Guinness as Herbert Pocket puts one into a deep melancholy because the film has not found part for one-tenth of what those of us who have seen this performance on the stage know that this most appealing actor can achieve in this part.

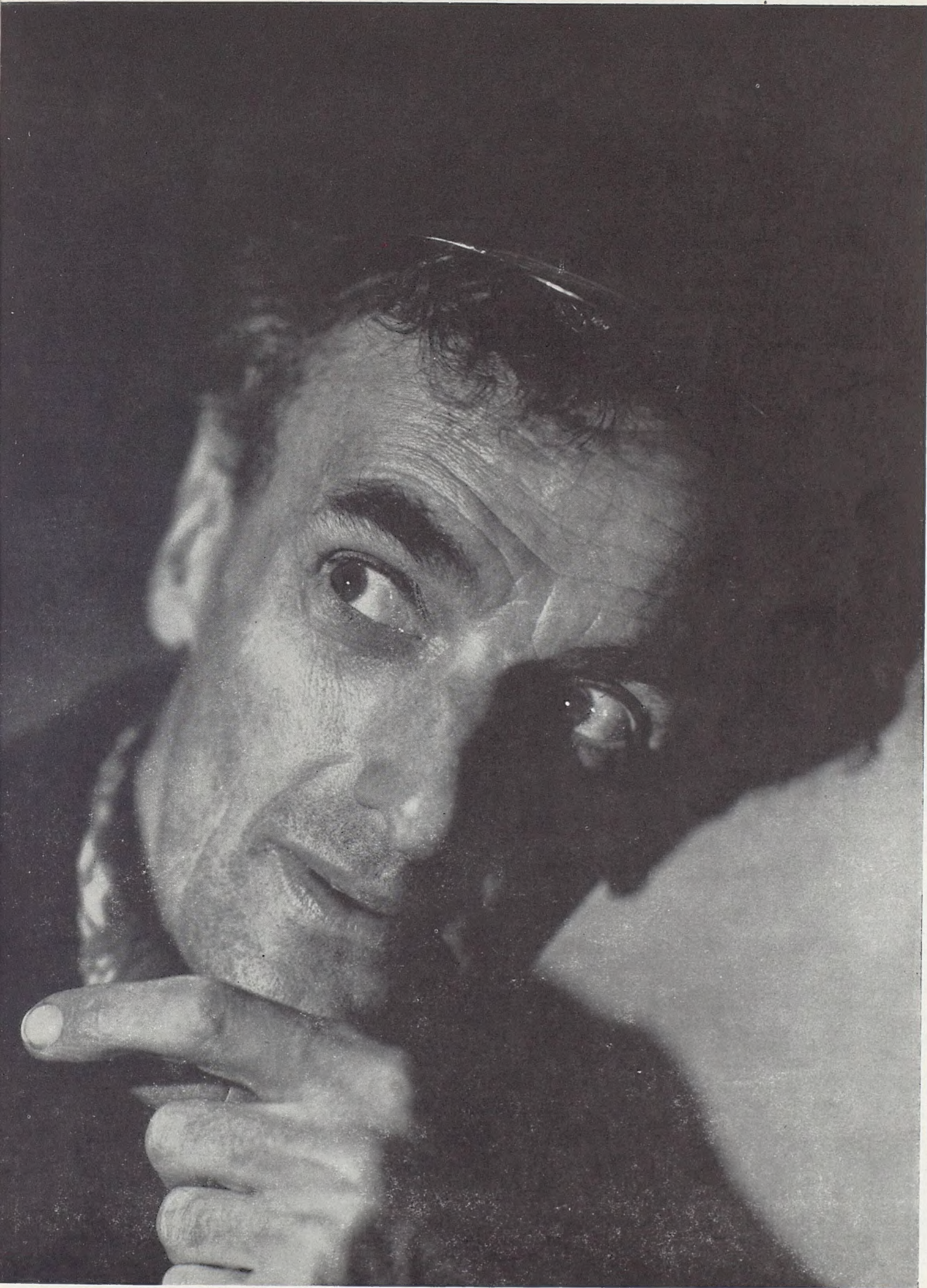
But there is one thing which my conscience will not permit me to leave unsaid. Why did not somebody tell David Lean that our dear Bernard could not come within a thousand Miles of Joe Gargery? No actor, if he is Garrick and Kean and Irving rolled into one, can play that to which he is physically unsuited. Joe Gargery has no cunning and is one of Nature's simpletons; Nature has decided that Bernard Miles's range should extend from the Machiavellian to the Mephistophelian. Long of nose, sinister and astute, he suggests, despite all his art, Iago in a mood of benevolence. On the whole a good film. But why not leave Dickens alone?

SUFFICIENT to say that Victor Seastrom's *The Wind*, made in the silent days of 1927, shows that the art of the cinema has not progressed one inch in the last twenty years. Lillian Gish is the heroine, and her performance is transitional, marking the change from the Theda Bara nonsense to the sincerity of Bette Davis. Naturally this causes occasional laughter, which merely shows that there is nothing to be done about idiots even if they are members of the Film Society. There is a performance by Lars Hanson which nobody in Hollywood or this country today could touch.

To conclude, let me say that I found *13 Rue Madeleine* (Tivoli) a wildly exciting film, although I never began to get the hang of it in spite of the intense use of all my eyes and ears. Who were the collaborationists and who weren't, and what it was all about escaped my closest attention. Nevertheless, I was fascinated throughout. And if by any chance James Cagney sees this, I give him leave to draw what conclusions he likes.

John Laurie
in
"The Brothers"

John Laurie plays the part of Dugald, one of the islanders, in the new Sydney Box production *The Brothers*. It is based on the novel by L. A. G. Strong and the story is set in the Isle of Skye. John Laurie is an actor well known for many excellent characterizations on both stage and screen. He began making films in 1934, and has now appeared in over thirty. Some of his latest include *The Way Ahead*, *Caesar and Cleopatra* and *I Know Where I'm Going*. On the stage, where he made his first appearance in *What Every Woman Knows* at Dumfries in 1921, he has appeared a great deal in Shakespeare with the Old Vic Company, at Stratford-on-Avon and at the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park. His latest stage appearance was in *Sense and Sensibility* at the Embassy Theatre a few months ago. He is also a distinguished producer



THEATRE GUIDE



In brief -

Straight Plays

And No Birds Sing (Aldwych). A comedy with Elizabeth Allan playing a woman doctor with very progressive ideas and Harold Warrender as the man who loves her in spite of them.

Grand National Night (Apollo). Leslie Banks is a pleasant murderer who has the audience on his side, and Hermione Baddeley is in dual character roles. Good acting in a well-knit play.

The Guinea Pig (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

Message for Margaret (Duchess). Emotion and conflict between the wife and the mistress of a dead man, with Flora Robson giving one of the best performances of her career.

Fools Rush In (Fortune). Derek Farr, Glynis Johns and Joyce Barbour in another very entertaining story of the *Quiet Wedding* type.

Lady Windermere's Fan (Haymarket). Dorothy Hyson, Isabel Jeans and Athene Seyler, in a revival of Oscar Wilde's comedy of manners. A decorative entertainment.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Cellier and Emlyn Williams.

The Old Vic Theatre Company (New) in *King Lear*, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and *An Inspector Calls*, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Pamela Brown and Alec Guinness.

Lady Frederick (Savoy). Coral Browne as that charming adventuress, Lady Frederick Berolles, in a revival of Somerset Maugham's first stage success.

But For The Grace Of God (St. James's). Epigrammatic Lonsdale wit by A. E. Matthews and Mary Jerrold, and murder and manly reticence by Hugh McDermott and Robert Douglas.

The Shop At Sly Corner (St. Martin's). Good thriller with a surprise ending and some first-rate character acting from Arthur Young.

Fifty-Fifty (Strand). A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

The Poltergeist (Vaudeville). Comedy thriller. Gordon Harker does some violent ghost-laying with hilarious consequences.

No Room At The Inn (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Ronald Ward, Naunton Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

The Man From The Ministry (Comedy). A farce with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

Antony and Cleopatra (Piccadilly). Shakespeare's tragedy, with Edith Evans and Godfrey Tearle.

With Music

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

Song of Norway (Palace). Operetta on the life and music of Grieg; not authentic but colourful. Fine singing by John Hargreaves, Janet Hamilton-Smith and others.

Under The Counter (Phoenix). Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the Black Market, ably assisted by Hartley Power and Thorley Walters.

The Shephard Show (Princes). Richard Hearne, Eddie Gray, Douglas Byng, Arthur Riscoe and Marie Burke as the leading lights.

Christmas Shows

Red Riding Hood (Adelphi). Nervo and Knox.

Mother Goose (Casino). Stanley Holloway, Celia Lipton.

Sin-Sala-Bim (Garrick). Dante in magic wonder revue.

Peter Pan (Scala). Mary Morris as Peter, Alastair Sim as Captain Hook.

Hey Presto (Westminster). Jasper Maskelyne in magic old and new, with Robert Harbin.

The Wizard of Oz (Winter Garden), with Raymond Lovell, Claude Hulbert, Walter Crisham, Ruth Naylor and Prudence Hyman.

Treasure Island (Whitehall).

Land of the Xmas Stocking (Duke of York's).

Drake's Drum (Embassy).



Elena Salvador (Mary Martin) and Kerry Stirling (Graham Payn) show that it is not only the albatrosses of Samolo who "indulge much in curious dances two by two"



When the Crinoline swept all before it, literally as well as figuratively. Mary Martin as the enchanting singer lost in a maze of misunderstandings

Sketches by
Tom Titt

The
"Pacific 1860"

DRURY LANE reopens not with a cavalcade but with a charade, a pretty, prattling tuneful charade. Mr. Noel Coward always knows what he is after, and this time it is a romantic escape to as far as possible from the present in time and space.

He could not have made his points of contrast to London 1946 more decisively. Well and truly aided and abetted by Mrs. Calthrop's invariably charming décor, by Mr. Alick Johnstont's scene painting, and by costumes in which the gentlemen look as little cramped by coupons as the ladies, he keeps the temperature throughout the evening at a nice warm tropical level.

THERE is a harmless little plot about a famous singer's toings and froings between her career and her heart. There is an incessant patter of easy sentimental music coming down with more than once quite a downpour of vintage Coward melody. And there is real lightness in the conversation pieces, breaking here and there into quite a jolly little light lyric.

Mr. Coward at his worst (which this is very far from being) never lacks style, and here he keeps it up by entrancing the eye with his colours and movements and neat handling of crowds, and by soothing the ear with bland, polished words and music. But the tender scenes are never more than operetta at its



Theatre

(Drury Lane)

easiest, and the wit of the Coward of comedy and of revue scarcely flickers.

MAD dogs and Englishmen who walk in the noon-day sun do not trouble this bland, mid-Victorian colony. It is pacific in every sense of the word, and one cannot help wishing at times that a real Coward from the nineteen-twenties had landed to stir the place up a bit. "My horse has cast a shoe," sing the hero and heroine in a nice little duet. Mr. Coward's Pegasus could have done with a visit to the blacksmith.

The pleasantest memories of the evening are of Miss Mary Martin, who has enchanting assurance, and acting manners as good and easy as Mr. Coward's prose. Drury Lane is a solemn great void to fill, and, occasionally, Miss Martin's voice wandered like a butterfly in the Albert Hall, but her loveliness filled the house.

AFTER that, it is the songs and the crinolines and the sarongs that count. "I Wish I Wasn't Quite Such a Big Girl" (a winner for Miss Daphne Anderson), "Bright was the Day," "His Excellency Regrets," "Pretty Little Bridesmaids," and "Fumfumbolo" may well be heard a lot. And Miss Sylvia Cecil's "This is a Changing World" held up the show on the opening night.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

The Conga, Victorian style, led by that most gallant of swains, Kerry Stirling (Graham Payn), impeccably groomed and most melodiously voiced



BACKSTAGE

with

Beaumont Kent.

THAT rattling R.A.F. Comedy *Worm's Eye View*, which has now entered upon its second year at the Whitehall, has proved to be the most successful of all plays inspired by the second World War.

Giving due credit to all the rest of its clever cast and to the skill of its journalist-author, R. F. Delderfield, I think its success is mostly due to Ronald Shiner, who is so amusing as the Cockney aircraftman, and to the man whose faith in it was so persistent, Mr. H. J. Barlow.

The comedy was first produced two years or so ago at a provincial repertory theatre. Mr. Barlow, who runs repertory in Staffordshire, saw it and, having seen Shiner play the R.A.F. sergeant in the Hulbert-Courtneidge show *Something in the Air*, recommended it for London production provided that Shiner could play the leading part.

It was so played on tour. No West End theatre being available, it was put on at the Embassy, Swiss Cottage. Then the Whitehall became vacant and it was taken there for a run expected to be limited to ten weeks. It played to £400 (a losing figure) the first week, doubled it the following week, and then the boom started, since when it has played regularly to £1,900 a week. Every day it takes £400 in advance bookings.

"I expect it will go on for at least another year," says Shiner, whose shrewd Cockney humour inspires one of the liveliest pieces of comic acting to be seen in the West End.

AMONG ballet followers the names of Pauline Grant and her company have gained increasing respect during the last year or so and no one seems more likely than Miss Grant to succeed in whole-time show production. Her latest dance creations are among the delights of *The Wizard of Oz*, now playing daily matinees at the Winter Garden and she is working there for the man who gave her her first job.

In 1931, at the Artillery Theatre, Woolwich, John McCormick produced the pantomime *Mother Goose* and engaged a young dancer who impressed him at her audition and during the run. He realized that she had a big future, and later they formed a ballet group at Kensington's Neighbourhood Theatre. When, after four years trying, McCormick secured from M-G-M the stage and song rights of their film *The Wizard of Oz*, he booked Miss Grant's company for the dancing.

It is his first West End show, and in it he has invested £20,000. Janet Green wrote the stage play from the film script—a reversal of the usual procedure, and McCormick himself designed the costumes and scenery.

THE newly-formed Covent Garden Opera opens its first season on January 14 with *Carmen*, in which Dennis Noble and Edith Coates will sing the roles of Escamillo and Carmen, with the Australian tenor, Kenneth Neate, as Don Jose.

The second opera of the season is *Manon* which, although it is the most tuneful of Massenet's many works, has never attained the extraordinary popularity it has long enjoyed in France. The first performance will be on January 30, when the wayward heroine will be Virginia MacWalters, the American coloratura soprano who has sung in opera in New York, San Francisco and Philadelphia. Heddle Nash (Chevalier des Grieux), Jess Walters (Count des Grieux) and Dennis Noble (Lescart) are the other principals, and the production is by Frederick Ashton, chief choreographer of the Sadler's Wells' Ballet, who is making his first essay as a producer of opera.

BEN JONSON's rarely-played comedy, *The Alchemist*, which dates from 1610, is the Old Vic's next production. It opens at the New on January 14, with Ralph Richardson as Face, George Relph as Subtle, Joyce Redman as Dol Common, Alec Guinness as Abel Druggier (one of Garrick's notable parts) and Nicholas Hanne as Sir Epicure Mammon.

Alec Guinness will have his first big leading part in *Richard II* which is to follow.



The youthful Douglas already appears to have a talent for female impersonation

Self-Profile

Douglas Byng

by

Douglas Byng

I HAVE been asked to write a "Profile" of myself so I am standing sideways, looking into the mirror.

I am not, like the wicked Queen in *Snow White*, saying, "Who is the fairest in the land?" but am wondering what period of childhood's happy days produced the "Bust Complex" that has weighed me down to ripe middle-age.

Yes; here I am, a mere boy of—well, never mind! Or was it my father who sang those "naughty" songs at the old Café de Paris and Monseigneur before the war? as he watched the sequins merrily bursting from the bosoms of dowagers, and Royalty stuffing Royal handkerchiefs into their mouths, to stifle un-Royal laughter—or maybe a yawn who knows!—but those days were the high peak, we must start in the valley—and nearer to nature. Sherwood, of the Forest, Notts, where one late night, or early morn, in Ebers House, red brick, large and very cold. I was born (no sign of a bust then!).

This gay nocturnal arrival may account for (a) love of night life, (b) star complex, and (c) making loud screaming noises when most people are in bed. Hence cabaret, and adoption of Robin Hood's slogan "Rob the rich to feed the poor"—meaning myself of course—with the added generosity of throwing in a meal and a song at the same time.

FIRST cabaret appearance apparently in the drawing-room at about two years of age, standing on a hassock (stage sense now developing) reciting "The Story of Mr. Punch" or "Mrs. Bunch" (memory now failing), but I can vividly recall giving a recital (still on a hassock) of "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star"—as it would be recited by a lady (star complex asserting itself).

Then again, those magnificent pantomime productions on the top landing, when I always cast myself for the leading rôle, whether Aladdin, Dick Whittington or The Sleeping Beauty—making wigs out of hemp, and pink flowers to adorn them out of paper, and always breaking or tearing anything of value I borrowed for the première from my good-tempered mother, however careful I was. Giving a Café Chantant in the nursery with my brother Noel to some rather dull (we thought) small children who had been asked by my mother to tea (we always arranged to amuse ourselves when dull children were asked to tea). On this occasion we danced nautch dances, nude to the waist—wearing table-cloths as sarongs, with Union Jack silk handkerchiefs tied round our heads (a compliment, no doubt, to our heroes then fighting in the Boer War) till we were both whisked out of the bepalmed setting by mother to "put some clothes on at once."

I was, on another occasion, again whisked out from an evening party, for which, as a great treat, I had been allowed to stay up. I "got the giggles" at a large lady in white satin wearing pince-nez who, music in hand, gave us "Every Morn I bring thee Violets," with great gusto. She had very prominent teeth and as I was still a small boy (sitting on a chair this time), I had a "worm's-eye view" of the dentures at every prolonged ah!—ah!—and I just couldn't stop laughing.

This episode was the model for one of the first songs I wrote, "Spring" (Come out, come out, and shout about, for Spring is in the Air!), and for that red wig, pince-nez and the "bust" which has now become my trade-mark.

What a long time ago all this seems—but then, "what you are at ten you always are"—so on we go!

Very bad at school (now referring to study only), no good at games, prep school report said "Cricket—given to day-dreaming on the field"—I don't wonder! Skegness—the holidays! Fred Clements Concert Party—designing women's clothes, comic songs—the Theatre Royal, Nottingham, Drury Lane Pantomime (imagination rampant, very romantic) Gertie Millar, Lily Elsie—how lovely and what glamour. Boarding school at Cliftonville (we never mentioned Margate next door)—where I was sent for my health and never ceased to be hungry. Harry Kendal at the same school—junior to me (he'll like that), and now we are both playing in revue in theatres within a few yards of each other—Time marches on!

A year in Plauen, Germany—three years as assistant dress designer to M. Alias and Miss Fisher, famous theatrical costumiers. Then answered an advertisement in *The Stage* and arrived one Sunday afternoon at the "Palacette, Hastings," where I made my professional debut the following evening as one of the Periodicals Concert Party. Here we did picture concerts—three shows a day between very flickery films—and on bank-holidays and special occasions, a show at eleven, one, three, five, seven and nine o'clock—(outlook now very Bohemian)—lived in George Street in the Old Town—no money—but became the pet of the fishing village and was rewarded by a door-step full of fish every morning, which the fisher-folk brought as offerings, much to the disgust of the landlady when she emerged at the crack of dawn to clean the step.

A year's tour with *The Girl in the Taxi*, when we played one hundred and twelve "towns"—Lancaster was the largest! Three nights—two nights, and a packed house in Langholm or Lockerbie, Scotland, when we played one night only—there having been a misprint in the manager's book which gave the population—this time with an extra "nought" added by mistake—so on arrival at the theatre (local hall) on the second night we found no audience whatever. Everyone in the town had been the night before.

TOURS of musical comedies—a pantomime . . . London! The Gaiety Theatre, understudying in *Theodore and Co.*, Leslie Henson, Davy Burnaby, Julia James, the big thrill! Then I played a small part . . . the grand, clean days of the theatre, thick carpets in the dressing-room, white seats and matting backstage for the artists, and clean evening shirts, waistcoats, ties, collars, socks, handkerchiefs put out for you by your dresser every night—or thrice nightly if you wished it. (Where is all that starch?) A smart Bohemian now . . . Chelsea parties, Albert Hall balls, the Savoy. Special constable—night duty only (couldn't miss anything), and madly on to fame and rheumatic fever.

Much better health after this—touring revues—Cochran revues from 1925 to 1931—played over a hundred character parts—male, female and neuter. Charlot revues—and cabaret in London, Paris and New York.

But before these high spots I had started a club

"The Kind Dragon" with Marie Dainton and Lance Lister in St. Martin's Lane, where I first wrote and sang most of my "Byng Ballads"—some of which are "immortalized for posterity" in small choice booklets beautifully illustrated by Clarke Hutton.

The cabarets at "The Kind Dragon" became famous. The stock company consisted of Florence Desmond—then one of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies, Nauntun Wayne, Edward Cooper, Mischa de la Motte, Marie Dainton and myself—with a guest artist every Friday night who always came willingly and unpaid to keep the little club which, of course, lost money and gave us all a lot of headaches but a lot of fun. I think it was a sort of shop-window and jumping-off board for most of us who have since made a success in cabaret.



Few would guess that this serene and philosophic face has launched a thousand slips of the tongue and extravagant grimaces

THE club premises were originally Chippendale's workshops and I decorated them as an old eighteenth-century inn. We had as members Royalty, book-makers, actors, managers, and it was Bohemian in the real sense, and if we found too much evening dress arriving, we of the club didn't change and vice versa—it was very enjoyable then, but the last war has sickened me of that sort of spectacle, and I long to see the gay, dressy days of the Café de Paris and Monseigneur return—with the orchids and diamonds, furs and flowers . . . to say nothing of the champagne and caviar (Oh, for a mouthful, wrapped in smoked salmon!).

I am sure we English love dressing up for our "nights out"—then we feel we've really "had

it" in the old sense and not the new. During the war it was different—although I always dressed up for the troops and they seemed to appreciate it (a bit warm in Burma with the principal boy's cotton tights underneath), but what matter, we are lucky people, stage folk, we get a lot of appreciation and attention—however good or bad we are at our jobs—perhaps it is because we are exceptionally enthusiastic and work hard.

Theatre work can be both physically and mentally very exhausting. I once read that an actor uses up more energy than anyone except the miner. Certainly we "comics" dig down nearly as deep as they do for some of our "gags" but then, in pantomime, for instance, it is the old traditional joke that still gets the biggest laugh.

I HAVE been lucky enough to be able to make my hobby my profession, and I did not get blasé or bored with it all after the first ten years, as someone predicted when I commenced my "mad career." However tired I may get after a long rehearsal, I feel that I have never "worked" for my living. I enjoy it—the excitement of something being created, the uncertainty of its success or failure.

Actors and actresses, unlike most people today who have something to sell, do not imagine that they are "doing anyone a favour." I am not sure that we aren't all still rogues and vagabonds—I secretly rather hope we are—but we are also "Servants of our Public," and we always consider it a compliment to the play and to ourselves when our audience are in the theatre.

The Come-Hither Look of Dame Douglas as, bristling with glamour (below), she welcomes the festive season and prospective suitors with a big smile. Note how the usual trimmings are subtly and excitingly personalised. Douglas Byng, whose name is linked with two such diverse forms of entertainment as sophisticated West End cabaret and pantomime, has been a player since 1914, but he still brings to the stage the abounding vitality of a brilliant newcomer.

The drawing opposite is the original sign of The Kind Dragon, by Robert St. John Cooper, executed for the club mentioned in the "Self-Profile"



The Duchess of Kent at the "Great Expectations" Première



Mr. and Mrs. J. Arthur Rank with
Anthony Wager, who plays the youthful
Pip in the film



Mr. and Mrs. John Woolf, who were also
present. "Great Expectations" has been
hailed as one of the best British films ever made



H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent with Viscountess Rothermere.
The première, at the Gaumont, Haymarket, was in aid of the
Victoria and Belgrave Hospitals for Children



Mr. Henry Charles Dickens, a descendant
of the novelist, with his wife



The Marquess and Marchioness of Bath
were also among the guests



Beatrice Lillie (Lady Peel) and Mr. Muir
Mathieson

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JOURNAL

Duchess of Sutherland, looking most attractive in a fascinating little hat trimmed with a halo of glass flowers, came with the Duke of Sutherland. They are off to South Africa at the end of the school holidays. The Duchess's small son, Michael Dunkerly, is home after his first term at his prep. school, and a children's party was planned for him at Sutton Place on the 23rd.

Others I met were Lord Delamere, Rafaella Duchess of Leinster, Lady Bruntisfield, the Queen's brother, Mr. Michael Bowes-Lyon, and his wife, and Mrs. Pike (Olive Snell), who told me she was doing a picture of Lord Delamere's attractive auburn-haired daughter Elizabeth, who has recently announced her engagement to Sir Delves Broughton.

THE Town Hall at Peterborough was beautifully decorated with evergreens and scarlet cyclamen, the latter lent by the Marquess of Exeter from his gardens at Stamford, for the Fitzwilliam Hunt Ball, which was attended by over 400 guests. There was also a striking mural in the gallery, an enormous replica of the Hunt button which carries the Fitzwilliam crest. The two

FITZWILLIAM HUNT BALL

Joint-Masters, Capt. Tom Fitzwilliam and Lord de Ramsey, who joined him this season, were early arrivals and welcomed many members of the Hunt. Capt. Fitzwilliam brought a large party on from his lovely home, Milton, including, besides Lord de Ramsey with Lady de Ramsey, who looked sweet in a dress of bottle-green taffeta, Alethea Lady Manton, Lady Margaret Seymour, in a silver-brocade dress; Mrs. Charles Field Marsham, Miss Bellville, Mrs. Philip Hay, Mr. Russell and Capt. George Lane. Major Billy Peacock, who was a prisoner of war in the same camp as Lord de Ramsey, was there with his wife and a party including the Hon. George and Mrs. Dawnay, who was wearing an attractive printed dress, and pretty Miss Sarah Birkin, who was dancing with Mr. Michael Cory-Wright.

Mrs. Ian Drayton, who had organised the ball so efficiently with Mr. Ruff, brought a party with her husband including Mr. and Mrs. Brookes, Miss Jean Hollebone, Mr. Pickering and Mr. Rex Colley, who was on leave from India.

Others I saw at the party were Mr. and Mrs. Guy Thorold; he was until recently our financial adviser in Washington and has now bought a house in the Fitzwilliam country; Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Douglas-Pennant, who were staying at Thornhaugh with Mrs. Douglas-Pennant's mother, Mrs. Stanley Brotherhood; Dr. and Mrs. Harman Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Raby, Mr. Brian Narasano and Mr. Vergette.

DINING recently at the Berkeley I saw Lady Dill, who has made her home there since the death of her husband, that magnificent soldier Sir John Dill, in Washington in 1944. The dance-floor was crowded with couples dancing to the music of Ian Stewart. From the outbreak of war he served with the Cameron Highlanders in India

DINING AND DANCING

and Burma, and ended up as Brigade Major with the 17th. Lord and Lady Selsdon had a party of friends; the Duke and Duchess of Rutland were dining quietly together. Viscount Lascelles was dancing energetically, and so was Lord Hesketh.

TO end my journal this week I would like to wish my readers all over the world a very happy New Year. May
NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS 1947 bring them all peace and happiness and a return to prosperity.



Bertram Park
Lady Grant of Monymusk, the recently-elected Conservative Member for South Aberdeen. She is the youngest woman M.P. in the House, and has the reputation of being one of the most promising younger members of the party. She is the widow of Sir Arthur Grant, who was killed at Arnhem



Lenare
Mrs. Peter Cheyney is the wife of Mr. Peter Cheyney, the author, and is the daughter of the late Mr. W. S. Taberer and Mrs. Taberer, of Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. During the war years she served as a staff officer on the staff of Viscountess Mountbatten



Mrs. Terence Maxwell, wife of Colonel Terence Maxwell, is the only daughter of the late Sir Austen Chamberlain. Colonel Maxwell is the prospective Conservative candidate for the Acocks Green Division of Birmingham



Lady Loder is the wife of Sir Giles Loder, Bt., who succeeded his grandfather in 1920. They have two sons, Edmund Jeune and Robert Reginald, who were born in 1941 and 1943 respectively. Their home is Leonardslee, Horsham



Mrs. Victor Seely is the wife of Major Victor Seely, brother of Lord Sherwood. Before her marriage, Mrs. Seely was Miss Mary Margaret Frances Collins. Major Seely was a prisoner in Italy during the war and then escaped to Switzerland



Pearl Freeman
Mrs. Leslie Mitchell is the wife of Mr. Leslie Mitchell, the British Movietone News commentator. He is soon to be Director of Publicity for Sir Alexander Korda. Mrs. Mitchell is the only daughter of Mr. Firth Shephard

NEW YEAR'S PORTRAIT GALLERY



Frank O'Brien, Fermoy

The Duhallow Meet At Bowen's Court

The Duhallow, the celebrated County Cork pack, met recently at Bowen's Court, Kildorrery, the home of Mrs. Cameron, who is also the distinguished writer Elizabeth Bowen. The group on the steps of the house includes (in front) Colonel Livingston-Learmonth, Mrs. Cameron, and the M.F.H., Major Hornsby, while among those behind are Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Gates, Mrs. Annesley, Mrs. Cumberlege, Mrs. Badger, Miss Haseldine and Mr. R. G. Annesley

An Irish Commentary

Opinions on the "new settlement"

A change at Radio Eireann . . . the U.N.O. Rebuff

WEARING a bowler hat and loud-checked overcoat, the successful novelist, Evelyn Waugh, accompanied by his wife, arrived recently in Dublin on a visit. By chance his appearance in Dublin coincided with an article by Donat O'Donnell in the Irish monthly literary magazine, *The Bell*, on "The Pieties of Evelyn Waugh"; it is an article which carefully reviews Waugh's books in their relationship to Catholicism. And whilst he was still on our shores I happened to switch on the Third Programme and hear John Betjeman, who was the British Press attaché in Dublin in the early years of the war, again extolling Evelyn Waugh's literary merits and virtues on the air.

But Mr. and Mrs. Waugh were here, like so many other English people, house-hunting. When I saw them they had been looking at Gormanstown Castle, but this was not sold by auction in the middle of the month. It is now open to private offer—and may well be sold by

the time the printer has finished with my script. Gormanstown Castle lies 25 miles north of Dublin.

Waugh has not written a book since *Brideshead Revisited*, but perhaps if he finds a home in Ireland he will also find an environment and an atmosphere more conducive to encourage him than England at the moment.

Now, talking of Englishmen coming to Ireland, I saw in Dublin the other day an Irishman who lives in England. He was E. D. (Toby) O'Brien. A cousin of Lord Inchiquin, Toby O'Brien comes from the County Clare. Successively President of the Oxford Union, a newspaperman in Fleet Street, head of the Press section of the British Council, and Public Relations Officer to the Rootes Group, he is now head of all publicity and press matters in the Unionist Central Office in Westminster. A strange task, perhaps, for a descendant of Brian Boru.

His job is to see how the present Government can be ousted in favour of the Tories at the next General Election, and how the Tories can win any by-election in the meantime. There was one thing that struck me—that is that perhaps he should keep an eye on all his supporters who have slipped over here to avoid Socialism. Every day a few Conservative votes come over by the mail boat and set up house in various parts of Ireland. There has already been some political opposition to this "new settlement" in certain quarters here. No doubt Transport House counts these emigrants as votes gained each day; they are certainly votes lost to the Opposition.

Several English people have asked me what would be the reactions of the Irish to their arrival over here. Well, the answer, to my mind, is on the whole friendly, provided they come to live as good citizens bringing either capital or brain into the country. They are welcome if they are an asset. Unfortunately,

many arrive with the idea that they are going to live on the cheap, others that they are going to find a paradise for reactionaries. These will be sorely disappointed, and will, I think, move on or return home very soon.

One man the other day wrote to me about buying property here. Last time I saw him in London (in his club, the Carlton) his vehemence against Ireland was such that I left his letter unanswered now that he is looking for a home.

MICHAEL BOWLES, the Director of Music at Radio Eireann, is going away for two years to work on the Continent, and his assistant, Dr. Arthur Duff, is taking over charge of all the musical programmes during his absence. A graduate of Trinity, Arthur Duff is a very popular figure in Dublin. He was, at one time, commissioned in the Irish Army and conducted a military band. For the last ten years he has alternated with Captain Bowles in conducting the broadcasting orchestra.

His assumption of responsibility for all programmes coincides with the publication by Novello of his Irish Suite for Strings. This work was written a couple of years ago, but it is only now that printing and paper allows it to be issued. As yet, I have not heard it, but I note that it is dedicated to Jack Moeran, the Irish composer. E. J. Moeran was in Dublin not so long ago with his 'cellist wife, who played the solo in the 'cello concerto which he wrote when down in Kerry.

Some years ago I met Jack Moeran, and after a good deal of talk we exchanged cards. Unfortunately, on the way home Jack had some difficulty with a car and when asked for his name by the police, merely pulled what he thought was his card out of his pocket. Needless to say, it was mine!

AT the moment I am collecting illustrations for a book on Godfrey Kneller which I hope will appear this coming year. My search for a photograph of De Ginkel, Lord Athlone by Kneller brought me to see the Secretary at the Dublin National Gallery. He is Brinsley MacNamara, who, in addition to this appointment, is a very successful playwright and novelist. This Christmas he has published a novel, *Michael Caravan*, which is much sought after, and has been well reviewed.

Standing over six foot, and wearing a large black hat, Brinsley MacNamara is a well-known figure. He used to be the dramatic critic of the *Irish Times* until he had a contretemps over his notice of *The Skin of our Teeth*, and then he resigned.

His predecessor at the National Gallery was James Stephens, who now lives in London.

As the United Nations withdraw their representatives from Madrid we find ourselves sending a new one. Had our application to be allowed to join U.N.O. been accepted, Mr. John Belton would not be on his way to Madrid.

Educated at Blackrock College, Mr. Belton has recently been in Sweden as Chargé d'Affaires, and before that held the rank of Counsellor, during the war years, to Mr. Dulanty in London. He is succeeding Mr. Leopold Kerney, who is shortly to retire on reaching the age limit. The duration of Mr. Belton's stay will depend largely on whether the Government persists in its request to join U.N.O., and that request is granted.

Many people who were delighted at the approach by the Government to U.N.O. now feel that after being turned down, the application should be withdrawn. This has been further intensified since the decision by U.N.O. on Spain. This country, since mediaeval times, has been closely associated with Spain. Many of us do not like Franco's system of internal administration any more than Stalin's, but feel that it is a domestic matter for those states to decide, especially at a time when far greater international issues are at stake.

Michael Kallanin

Actresses' Gaiety Ball

For the Girls' Hostel Club and Domestic Training Centre



H.E. the Chilean Ambassador, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Chairman of the Ball, H.E. the Belgian Ambassador, Mrs. Atlee and Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, Bt.



Mr. Angus Sinclair, Miss Caroline Hay, Lieut. Tony Fane, R.N., and Miss Ann Eden.
The Ball was held at the Dorchester



Princess Melikoff, Prince Vladimir Galitzine, Lady Suenson-Taylor, wife of Sir Alfred Suenson-Taylor, and H.E. the Peruvian Ambassador

Swaebe



Skiers on the way from the hostel to their meeting-place on the nursery slopes. The church of Inner Arosa is in the background



Students in a ski class demonstrate a tricky moment in the kick turn, one of the first to be taught to beginners

University Skiers' Swiss Christmas

Two hundred members of Oxford and Cambridge Universities Ski Clubs have been spending a sporting holiday in Arosa. The first party arrived on December 9th, and the holiday has not been without its austerities, for most of the skiers have been staying in a youth hostel,

Priscilla of Paris...

HAPPY NEW YEAR, with all the compliments and sentiments of the season, although on account of the early posting necessary, we are still far away from New Year's Eve at the time of writing. *Tant mieux*, say I, since I always prefer the last days of the Old Year, when I can look forward to all the good resolutions I intend to make, rather than the first days of the New Year, which finds me wrestling with them.

It was unhampered by any virtuous vows that I went, yesterday, to the monthly gathering of the A.S.A. ambulance drivers and spent a joyous cocktail hour amongst old friends. Since war years "count double," I think it may be said that those of us who joined up in '39 are truly old and tried friends. Needless to say, the thirty-niners look down upon the forty-ites, just as the forty-ites are a little contemptuous of the forty-oners, and so forth, but we are, on the whole, an extremely happy family, and the thirty-niners are far more tolerant of the young 'uns who joined up after Liberation than are those who had done so a month or two earlier. Human nature!

Women from every walk of life became workers in this volunteer, unpaid unit. Brilliant socialites, drab little *bourgeoises*, actresses, writers, artists, mannequins, glamorous ladies with a Past (and probably a Present, but it never obtrudes!), film stars and supers. We also numbered a school-marm, a dentist, a great

financier's secretary, a well-known milliner, a golf champion and, towards the end, a regular finishing-school of young eighteen-year-olds.

IN uniform we formed a perfect democracy. Now, in civvies again, we are still; but while *l'habit ne fait pas le moine*, I doubt if the same applies to women—outwardly, at all events. In a garage one overall is as good as the other; one grease-stained pair of hands does as much work as another pair, and jewellery is out of the picture, but in a drawing-room the bunny seems to resent the ermine, while the pre-war tailor-made appears to fight shy of rubbing elbows with this season's Molyneux. And this again is human nature. But if the war years did away with class distinction, the cocktail hour now acts in the same manner. It was wonderful to see how the dormant *esprit de corps* and all the old *camaraderie* again became apparent after even the first round of drinks.

We struck up "Here Comes the Bride" for two arrivals: Mme. Simone Roland-Gosselin, who is now Mme. Henri Lemarchand, and Anne-Marie, the youngest daughter of the Comtesse de Dudzele, who has married young Philippe Cerf. Anne-Marie did a fine job of work with the Résistance in the Chevreuse Valley, near Paris, and many British aviators owe their lives to the way she piloted them to safe hiding. Arlette Marshall, the film star,

who has been in London recently, also had a great welcome waiting for her, and so did Jacqueline de Contades, who has been awarded the Croix de Guerre for the work she did in 1939 as well as after Liberation.

Other well-tried thirty-niners who hold the Croix de Guerre are Mme. Jacques André, who is one of the best-dressed women in Paris and a magnificent horsewoman; Tanagra-like little Kissia Cudel, who, though she has lived in Paris for many years, still has a charming Russian accent; and Yvonne Simon, her ambulance mate, with whom she crossed the Sahara by car before the war; Mme. Dethieu, who was, at one time, married to Henri Cochet, the tennis champion; Mme. Nell Hébrard, daughter and granddaughter of two famous journalists, one succeeding the other as editor of *Le Temps*; and Mme. Gustave Gounouilhou, who has a lovely country home near Bordeaux.

THERE were also Mme. Naussbaum, who has done so much for refugee children on their way to Switzerland from the north of France; Mme. Arlette Peterson, who was with the British troops in Holland; and Mlle. Odette Marais, the portrait-painter. Last, but certainly not least, Miss Eugénie Ravn, an English girl who became so ill at Vittel that she was actually liberated by the Germans, who sent her home to die, but she got better and, after Liberation, joined the unit and did fine work





The advanced group of Oxford and Cambridge students, led by the Swiss guide F. Marazzi



A beginners' class at the ski camp, showing students learning the position of the skis and body for straight downhill running

living under comparatively primitive conditions. But as the majority were serving officers during the war, they have felt quite at home sleeping in bunks, fifteen to one room. They have been split up into ski schools of various grades according to their previous experience.

Arosa has excellent ski-lifts and full advantage has been taken of these to reach the tops of the smooth and generally fast runs. At time of writing teams are being chosen for the inter-University race. They will be trained by Noll, the famous Swiss skiing instructor

Girls of the Old Brigade

in the east of France. She is one of the most popular members of the A.S.A.

It is to be hoped that the new film *Macadam*, by Marcel Blistène, supervised by Jacques Feyder, will be seen in London. It is one of the best pictures of its kind since *Le Jour se Lève*. Françoise Rosay, in the rôle of an elderly, fluffy-haired, dissolute, no-better-than-she-should-be, with the murder of her husband on her conscience, proprietress of a disreputable hotel in one of the narrow streets on the slopes of Montmartre, gives one of her amazingly fine character studies; while Paul Meurisse, who is not yet known in England and who comes from the music-hall stage to play opposite her, proves to be what the French critics like to call "the revelation of the year."

SINCE writing the above, the news of Léon Blum's election has come over the air. What a sigh of relief! Long ago I gave up trying to understand French politics, and I haven't the faintest idea of what, politically, is going to happen next, but I do know that Léon Blum is a grand old man and an honest one who really loves his country. It's a long while since France has been able to attach that label to many of her leaders.

Many years ago, before he entered politics and was dramatic critic of *Comœdia*, a famous theatrical daily, I used to see quite a lot of

Léon Blum. He had great charm, erudition and wit. He was also one of the kindest men I have ever met. The chief comment of the Man-in-the-Street on his election is, "Well... they like him in England and America!"

A PLAY by Somerset Maugham is a certain draw in Paris, but why, one wonders, pick on such an ancient production as the farce *Home and Beauty*, which was played in London as far back as 1919? This is now being given at the Bouffes Parisiens under the strange title of *Avant le Derby*. It is gay and amusing, but the climax of fun comes in the third act, by reason of the admirable clowning of André Randall in the rôle of the solicitor. We have seen this fine actor, who did so much to entertain the troops during the war, in many revues, playing in hilarious sketches of which he is the author, but never has he been so funny while yet keeping within the decorous bounds of a straight part.

Interviewed by a French journalist during the first performances at the Bouffes, Somerset Maugham declared that, having missed the *première* in England, he had never had time to go and see his play acted before (what *désinvolture*!), and that he was looking forward to the last act because he couldn't remember how the play ended.

Thanks to André Randall, he must have had a pleasant surprise.

Entr'acte!

● François Perrier and Jacqueline Porel—granddaughter of the great Réjane—form a devoted theatrical couple. Their young son, Jean-Marie, went to school for the first time the other day. On his return, his father enquired: "Well, Jean-Marie, how are you placed?"

"Fine, Papa," answered the child; "in the second row of the stalls."



Some advanced students resting. Third from the left is the Cambridge secretary, Mr. de Mopurgo



The advanced class start down a run, practising for the inter-University race



The Castle of Dowart, set upon a great rock overlooking the southern entrance to the Island of Mull, is one of the finest and most unique residences in the Western Highlands. From the windows shown there is a view of the lofty peaks of Argyll and Inverness-shire



The banqueting-hall at Dowart Castle is a beautiful and imposing room. The castle was restored by the late Chief, Sir Fitzroy Maclean

CHIEF OF THE CLAN MACLEAN



This portrait of Major Sir Charles Maclean hangs in the great banqueting-hall of Dowart Castle. Sir Charles succeeded his grandfather in 1936

Sir Charles Maclean of Dowart's Home and Family

Major Sir Charles Hector Maclean is the eleventh baronet in a family which dates back to before 1300. The first baronet, Sir Lachlan Maclean of Morven, was a devoted follower of Charles I. and took part in many of the victories of Montrose. The second baronet fell at the Battle of Inverkeithing in 1651, while Sir Hector Maclean, the fifth baronet, was arrested on suspicion of enlisting men at Edinburgh for the French Army in aid of the Jacobite cause, and having been imprisoned in the Tower for two years, was freed in accordance with the Act of Grace. The present baronet is in the Scots Guards and is the twenty-seventh chief of the Clan Maclean. The late baronet Sir Fitzroy Maclean was his grandfather

*Photographs by
Brodrick Haldane*



Another part of Dowart Castle, from castle dates back to the twelfth century



The young man in the boat is four-year-old Lachlan Maclean, son and heir of Major Sir Charles Maclean. This photograph was taken on the shores of the Sound of Mull, close to the castle



Janet Maclean is two years old this month. She is Sir Charles and Lady Maclean's only daughter



Ben Nevis can be seen on a clear day, and at night the lights of Oban. The according to tradition, a castle stood on this site in the time of the Norsemen



Lady Maclean of Dowart married Major Sir Charles Maclean in 1941. She was formerly Miss Joan Elizabeth Mann

Standing By ...

SHOULD any eminent theatre-boys appear in this New Year's Honours List, we gracefully draw their wives' attention beforehand to the attitude of Lady Tree, that notable wit, on the day her husband's knighthood was announced in the *London Gazette*, some time before the actual Palace ceremony.

An excited friend rang up that morning and gushed: "Congratulations, Lady Tree!" "Oh, but you mustn't call me that just yet," said Lady Tree gently—"though," she added reflectively, "I am, of course, in the sight of God." How Lady (Henry) Irving reacted in similar circumstances we wouldn't know. The occasion was far more tremendous, being the very first of its kind, and it had taken the Queen and her Ministers some months to nerve themselves to defy the social dangers involved in knighting an actor. Fortunately it turned out all right. Today actors are knighted—or, if childless, given baronetcies—practically without a qualm.

Footnote

IF eminent literary boys figure less frequently in the Honours Lists it's probably due to their lack of charm and their detestable habits, apart from the fact that few smart hostesses ever want to invite their wives. Congratulating them on pulling it off, we generally send them the valuable present somebody sent Poet-Laureate John Skelton:

Your ugly token
My mind hath broken
From worldly lust . . .
For all our pampered paunches
There may no franchise
For worldly bliss
Redeem us from this. . . .

Namely, a skull. It goes down awfully well with her ladyship.

Orgy

JUST before Christmas a Scots purist wrote to a London daily bleakly urging the thousands of drunks who roar Auld Lang Syne round St. Paul's Cathedral every New Year's Eve to try and roar it correctly for once, namely by using "And" instead of "For" in the last line. We're told last night's drunks took so little notice that the reformer might just as well have clomb a brae or pulled himself a few gowans.



"Would you mind? We're all-electric and they've cut the current again."

How it went in the West End restaurants and night-clubs our spies have not yet reported; the complication there being that while singing you are embraced in tears by red-faced unknowns, often of revolting aspect. Whether this is more fatiguing than the French New Year we haven't the heart to discuss. To begin with, we doubt if the Whitehall-boys would face Ministerial receptions like those which take place in Paris on every January 1, and which Daudet (Alphonse) and Courteline have so brilliantly geyed.

In Scotland—

"Wha' gars Garskadden luk sae gash?"

"Ou, Garskadden's been wi' his Maker these two hours; I saw him step awa', but I dinna care tae distairb gude company."



"... is there a vet in the audience?"

—they apparently take the sissy view that chewing broken glass is indelicate. Actually it's a sturdy Elizabethan custom, like violently scratching your chest at table.

Teaser

NO sooner had we heard a very refined criminologist remarking the other night that "the least interesting part of any good murder-mystery is the murder" than the long-forgotten words "Steinie Morrison" rang in our ears like a peal of silver bells and we recalled a perfect example.

The Steinie Morrison Case was the New Year Sensation of 1911, in our golden Edwardian boyhood. The murder itself was simple enough. A Mr. Leon Beron, a Russian Jew—like everybody else in the case—from Aldgate, having imprudently allowed his chums to know that he carried a lot of money about with him in gold sovereigns, was conveyed in a cab by one of them, alleged to be a Mr. Steinie Morrison, from Whitechapel to Clapham Common late on New Year's Eve and duly bopped. Three still-unsolved mysteries are involved:

1. How was the wary, frugal, and sober Mr. Beron conveyed to Clapham?
2. What was the meaning of seven knife-slashes found on his face, in the shape of an "S"?
3. How did Mr. Beron manage, as was his regular habit, to pass 10 hours a day—2 p.m. till midnight—in the same Whitechapel restaurant and never by any chance to spend more than one shilling and sixpence each time?

No. 3 is easily the greatest mystery, as you perceive, and apparently no carefree little

gipsy from the London School of Economics ever asked Mr. Morrison, who died in Parkhurst Prison in 1921 while serving his commuted death-sentence, to solve it. It remains one of History's Teasers, like Lady Dedlock's journey, in *Bleak House*, from London to St. Albans and back on foot, some forty miles, in one stormy winter's night. Did she gallop like a racehorse or did somebody lend her his roller-skates?

Oath

IF you recall that the entire medical profession is bound—very properly—by the Hippocratic Oath, all that recent chatter and tohu-bohu in the newspapers over the advisability of publicly revealing certain secrets wrung by Nazi doctors from human guinea-pigs is clearly waste of time and sheer poohbah and poodle-pie.

Endeavouring in your behalf to discover how the Hippocratic Oath is administered, one of our spies found it a dangerous pastime. Those white and shaken figures you see gnawing stethoscopes and reeling out of the British Medical Association's bastille in Tavistock Square are naturally too terrified to squeak. Around the great hall countless apparitors and algaazils prowl, scrutinising every passer-by, and the tall steel gates of the subway to the vaults are closely guarded by Nubian janissaries. All we can tell you is that the ceremony takes place underground in Medical Latin, and the recurrent operative-formula runs thus:

Q: NN., juras iterum nunquam fabas dispergere? (NN., dost thou swear again never to spill the beans?)

A: Juro. (I swear).

Q: Hey, Charley!

(Enter Big-Time Charley Rackstraw).

Q: Omnia O.K.? (Everything oke?)

A: Vero, domine. (Sure, boss).

Q: Dona ei opera. (Give him the works).

Big-Time Charley's "emergency" technique (our spy adds) is said to be modelled on that of the Tower of London School of Art, with all the Skeffington improvements. However, one smile is generally sufficient. No wonder you hear of the wrong leg being taken off chaps by mistake in due course.

Romance

ARCHLY confessing that when he used to scramble through the undergrowth he often met a dormouse ("this charming big-eyed creature") face to face, our favourite Nature boy broke off just at the interesting part of the story.

Undoubtedly that's exactly how the dormouse herself referred to him when she reached home, very excited, tumbling a lapful of ripe nuts on the floor and waking several of the drowsy family. "My dear! I've just met a charming big-eyed creature face to face in the undergrowth!" she cries. "He's a journalist," she adds, blushing brightly and rousing Uncle Charley, a crusty old dormouse with grey whiskers, like a trumpet-blast.

UNCLE CHARLEY: This'll kill your poor Ma, Hey, Ma!

They wake Ma and tell her Woofy has just met a charming big-eyed journalist. Ma begins to weep hopelessly.

WOOFY (timidly): He isn't an ordinary journalist, he's on the *Times*.

UNCLE CHARLEY: Oh, my God.

A REFINED OLD AUNTIE DORMOUSE: After all, our dear little Woofy has been carefully brought up. Surely, Charles, one need feel no qualms?

UNCLE CHARLEY (bitterly): Qualms in a pig's eye, what's the use of trying to keep yourself respectable?

Ma weeps hysterically. The other dormice glare at Woofy. A baby dormouse is sick.

WOOFY (defiantly): If he's on-the-*Times*-he's respectable-so there!

UNCLE CHARLEY: Ah, filberts.

They don't realise as they bite her that this innocent young dormouse is really in love with Prince Charming from Printing-House Square—hopeless, uncritical, devouring first love. Even that faint aura of mothballs and cough-mixture can't spoil her brief romance. Youth! Youth!

D. B. WYNTHAM LEWIS



Saving the Colours

A harbour incident is the latest of Wing-Commander Oakley Beutler's humours of life afloat. The scene is the after-deck of a small destroyer which has been given the signal by the senior ship to hoist colours. Unfortunately, the halyard has been fouled by the leg of a seagull squatting on the truck and a miniature panic has started. One seaman attempts to boat-hook the gull off, while another attacks its tail. The midshipman of the watch bursts into tears, the sick-bay attendant revives a rather frail Ordinary Seaman who has fainted, and the bugler tries to cover up the confusion with resounding blasts. But in spite of these frantic and diverse activities, it seems quite certain that the ship will be awarded a "foul mark"

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

THE shortsighted school-master was rapidly losing his temper.

"You, at the back of the class. What was the date of the signing of the Magna Carta?"

"I dunno!"

"You don't, eh? Well, let's try something else. Who was Bonnie Prince Charlie?"

"I dunno!"

"Well, then, can you tell me what the Gordon Riots were?"

"I dunno!"

"I taught that last Friday. What were you doing last night?"

"I was out drinking beer with some friends!"

The schoolmaster gasped and his face went almost purple. "You have the audacity to stand there and tell me that! How do you expect to pass your examination?"

"Well, I don't, Mister. You see, I just came in to fix the electric light."

THE woman who hated smoking and smokers found herself in a railway carriage opposite an old man obviously enjoying his pipe. She could not resist telling him of the evils of tobacco.

"It knocks years off your life," she said. "Just think of that!"

"Well, Madam," replied the smoker politely, "look at me—never been ill a day in my life. I've smoked regularly since I was sixteen, and I'm seventy now. What do you say to that?"

"What do I say?" said the fanatical woman. "Why, if you hadn't smoked you might have been eighty by now!"

"SO, my boy, you want to be a chemist when you grow up?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Analytical?"

"No, cash!"

A FRENCH composer was touring the United States, and his itinerary included a visit to the music school of one of the universities.

One of the professors of the school had been delegated to meet him at the railway station. On his way he realised that he knew no French and that possibly the musician could not speak English.

When the Frenchman stepped from the train, the professor could only recall one French phrase; and so, as he shook hands, he almost shouted: "Pâté de foie gras! Pâté de foie gras!"

The Frenchman looked at him in perplexity, but, grasping his hand, he exclaimed: "Ros bif! Ros bif!"

THE metal strips used to band birds are inscribed: "Notify Fish and Wild Life Service, Washington, D.C." They used to read "Washington Biological Survey," abbreviated to "Wash. Biol. Surv." This was changed after an Alberta farmer shot a crow and then disgustedly wrote the U.S. Government: "Dear Sirs: I shot one of your pet crows the other day and followed instructions attached to it. I washed it and biled it and surved it. It was turrible. You should stop trying to fool the people with things like this."

"WHAT on earth good are the figures in this railway time-table?" asked the sarcastic and very angry would-be passenger.

"Why," explained the genial station-master, "if it were not for the figures, we couldn't tell how late the trains are!"

A BANKER in Kentucky was in the habit of wearing his hat a good deal during business hours, as in summer the flies used his bald pate for a parade-ground, and in winter the cold breezes swept over it.

A negro workman each week presented a cheque and drew his wages, and one day, as he put his money into a greasy wallet already bulging with notes, the banker said:

"Look here, Mose; why don't you let some of that money stay in the bank and keep an account with us?"

The negro leaned towards him and, with a quizzical look at the banker's hat, answered confidentially:

"Boss, I's jes' afeared. You look like you was always ready to start somewhere."

Sabretoche PICTURES IN THE FIRE

THIS is Scotland's Day of Days, and though our calendar compels us to begin the New Year with blue-nosed winter still in command, instead of beginning it as they do in ancient Persia with the Vernal Equinox, the real birth of the year, the low temperature north of the Tweed is more than compensated by the warmth of the heart of Hogmanay.

I have always thought that Scotland's spirit was charmingly expressed by this homely little saying: "May the wee moose ne'er leave yere meal poke wi' a tear in his eye!" The men born and bred in that enchanting land are so very different from the caricatures which we have so often presented to us.

Horse Breeding

THE President of the Thoroughbred Breeders' Association is always well worth listening to when he delivers his annual review of the position of affairs in this very lucrative and valuable British industry, no matter which is the main target he selects. This is so because Lord Rosebery has intimate knowledge of his subject, and speaks not only as a leading breeder of the British thoroughbred horse, but also as a very famous owner of him.

This year one of the main points in his Lordship's interesting address concerned the suggestions put forward in some quarters that the shortage of feeding-stuffs to which our horses have been subjected over a long period of years has had no effect on either breeding or performance on the racecourse, and that the real reason for our many defeats by invaders from other countries is that we are breeding on the wrong lines. Lord Rosebery very rightly stigmatised this suggestion as "ridiculous," and proceeded to elaborate facts known and acknowledged by everyone, excepting those who prefer to believe that every country but their own is in the right.

The French horses quite apart, Lord Rosebery pointed to the performances of the Irish horses, The Bug and Irish-bred Airborne, to make mention of only two. It is the mother's milk in both horse and man which lays the foundation-stone of stamina. There was no rationing in Eire: the Germans fully believed that France would remain a province of the Third Reich for all time. The following passages in Lord Rosebery's speech punch home the main facts with compelling force.

"I read somewhere in a paper that our rations had nothing to do with the poor show made by our horses. This, of course, is ridiculous. Everyone interested in breeding and looking after the young

of whatever kind knows that you must feed up the expectant mother and also the infant. This is a commonplace with human beings, where expectant mothers and babies have large priorities of milk to help them on.

"In this country our mares, foals and yearlings have all been on short rations for several years. The present ration for brood mares is 5½ lbs. a day; barren mares and foals only 2 lbs. a day; and yearlings 5½ lbs. a day. This, for the month of December, is not nearly enough if you want to breed good stock.

"A growing foal at this time of the year cannot possibly get a fair start. Our horses are not only on rations—which were reduced once more even before the end of the flat-racing season—but our trainers are only allowed to buy oats after they have been turned down by the Ministry of Food for human consumption.

"I will make two further comments on this. One is, if what I have stated is not the fact, it is a curious coincidence that the French victories have occurred when an Irish breeder is head of the list for the first time in our history. An Irish-bred horse won the Derby for the first time for some years, and the fastest three-year-old, The Bug, also came from Eire, and in Eire, as you know, there also has never been any rationing for horses."

Another Witness

MR. WILLIAM MURPHY, one of South Africa's leading trainers, whilst he was over here on a horse-buying expedition, was obviously a chiel among us takkin' notes, for he has said that he was appalled at the condition of nearly every horse he saw running, whilst the French horses showed signs of good feeding over a long period. That is exactly what our horses have lacked, and I think that those who say that we have not been badly off for food and are talking nonsense to cover up our own mistakes, would be wise to think again.

Prince Philip

A SPORTSMAN of the appropriate name of Jager has asked the Home Secretary upon what grounds priority is being given to Prince Philip of Greece to obtain British nationality. There is no priority in these matters, and this case will be treated in exactly the same way as those of all other foreigners who served in the British forces in time of war.

When the fighting is in progress naturalisation is suspended, and hence no commissions are granted to foreigners until the hubbub subsides. They can then apply to become citizens of the country for which they have fought. In the case of this young officer, son of the late General

Prince Andrew of Greece and of Denmark, and of Princess Alice of Battenberg (Mountbatten), a sister of Admiral Viscount Mountbatten of Burma, it would be as erroneous as it would be foolish to suggest that he was seeking any priority, because he is fully aware of the conditions, but if anyone ever had a right to want naturalisation, it is he.

Prince Philip is only twenty-five, and he first went to sea as a midshipman in 1940 in H.M.S. Ramillies (after Cheam, Gordonstoun, Dartmouth, King's Dirk, four firsts and a second, nine months' seniority out of a possible ten), and he has seen more service West and East in his short career than many have had the luck to encounter. He was in H.M.S. Valiant at Matapan in charge of searchlight control, and he kept the Italian Fleet so thoroughly well lit up that Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham gave him a mention. He also got the Greek War Cross. He commanded the old destroyer Wallace in the covering operations off Sicily, and finally he went East as Number One in the very latest T.B.D. then off the stocks, H.M.S. Whelp, and, with his two relations, his uncle, the Viscount Mountbatten, and his cousin, the Marquess of Milford Haven, saw the Japs swept out with the crumbs.

Best of all answers to people who talk about "priority" is that application for naturalisation was first made on Prince Philip's behalf in 1941 and renewed in 1944, but as there was still a heck of a fight on, the project had to be abandoned. When he joined Whelp as No. 1, his messmates believed that it was a leg-haul when they were assured that "Jimmy" (the generic name for Number Ones) was a Greek Prince. His English was too good.

The Eton Beagles

AN ex-Master of this famous pack, at present serving with the British Army of the Rhine, has written to me saying that it is not correct to claim a record of hares killed in one season for Mr. Hilton Green, and it was only a record up to the time that he had them. His figures have long since been surpassed, notably by Captain Ronald Wallace, present Master of the Ludlow, who killed in one season (1937-38) no fewer than 70 brace of hares, and that he thinks this must be a world's record for beagles. Other Masters of this pack such as the Hon. David Hamilton-Russell (1935-36) and Mr. Michiel de Chair (1938-39), both unhappily killed in action, had tallies at the end of their respective seasons which were practically as great as Captain Wallace's.



The "Ironsides" at Copenhagen

A golf team from B.A.O.R., consisting of Royal Tank Regiment officers and known as the Ironsides, recently visited Copenhagen and played the Copenhagen Golf Club. They are seen here with their hosts' team. Left to right: Baron N. Wedell-Wedellsborg, Major N. Scrafton, Major E. D. Rash, Mr. W. E. Bruun-Anderson, Capt. J. F. Langdon, M.C., Mr. W. S. H. Anderson, Lt.-Col. E. C. Mitford, M.C., Major R. N. Wilson, Mr. W. F. Krag, Mr. T. C. Douglas, Mr. W. H. Udsen, Capt. H. Fane-Harvey, Mr. E. Goodley, Major H. L. R. Prothero, Capt. I. E. Green, M.M., Mr. N. F. Torner

A Royal Shoot in Sweden

Prince Gustaf Adolf and Prince
Frederik Take Part in Winter Sport
at the Castle of Vegeholm



The Royal party set off at the start of a drive. Prince Gustaf Adolf is on the left, and second from the right is his brother-in-law, Prince Frederik, Crown Prince of Denmark



In the grounds of the castle the two
princes look over the cartridges before
the shoot

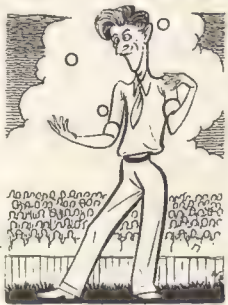


Some of the bag, which amounted
to 125 brace of pheasants and
ten hares



Princess Sibylle, wife of Prince Gustaf Adolf, with
Mrs. Ankarcrona, the Royal Forester's wife. Prince
Gustaf Adolf is the King of Sweden's grandson

Scoreboard



NEW YEAR 1947. Courtesy Aids Service; as the Centre Court star remarked when a boss-eyed ball-boy pocketed the three remaining balls and started an uncommanded juggling act in front of the Royal Box.

ACCORDING to an erudite contemporary, veteran water-polo players "must go downhill and not up." They have their remedy, as the quack doctor observed to his dubious assistant when three patients walked out of the room full to the Adam's apple with blue paint-water. Always defend the shallow end. *Facilis descensus Averno.*

TWENTY-odd, sometimes extremely odd, winters have passed since I first discovered, at Villars-sur-Ollon, that only if a Sitting Championship were instituted would I ever become a celebrated ski-runner. I still recall with envious delight the performance of a young traveller near the end of our tedious journey to that resort. The funicular was crawling up the mountainside. The sun blazed. We were an oven on wheels; a cross-section from the Inferno. She felt faint, and her face, an otherwise

beautiful face, was the colour of that now legendary delicacy, the Gruyère cheese.

In her native French tones that would have turned King Pluto's heart to putty, she asked that a window might be opened; *un peu*, just *un peu*, *peut-être*. But our uniformed boiler-man shook his head; and a pig with a fur collar and three backs to his neck frowned at the improper suggestion. So the young lady, who, I chose to decide, was the rebellious and only daughter of a wealthy glazier in Rouen, seized her suitcase and, at a single stroke, let in the air of Switzerland. One window too many.

THEN, as now, Test Match news was finding its way over from Australia, exciting some, depressing others, and leaving the manager of the hotel as cold as a slab of Parian marble.

That dauntless knight, Herbert Sutcliffe, was in the middle of a run of centuries. A young Victorian called Ponsford tapped the egg-shell of fame with a Test innings of 128. One Don Bradman was thinking if it was worth starting to shave. Maurice Tate, under the direction of Arthur Gilligan, was showing nearly the greatest skill, perhaps the greatest heart, and surely the greatest feet of all the bowlers of England. And I was head downwards in the snow of the Chamossaire, with half my skis signalling to the blue, unhelpful sky.

IN riper years, which bring the philosophic mind, I have sometimes reflected on those early errors of technique, and of venue. I should

have tried St. Moritz, in some honorary but remunerative capacity; at the turn of the year, when cosmopolitan ladies are driven around in unlikely vehicles, in fancy dress, with rings on their fingers and bills on their beaux; or in the subtler summer, when Mr. Maugham's Ashenden used to delete the whole secret service of Ruritania with one nod from a café table. Then, I might have taken whole hog to skating. An expert has told me that the summit of human bliss is to bring off a "bracket-change-bracket" when moderately whistled on Chianti.

But the "Rigid" style, round an orange, with self-control and the team spirit, has always charmed me most. It was at far Arosa, I fancy, that I saw a stately Figure in this manner being conducted in the midst of the fluent abandon of the Continental style—

These skaters, through the mountain mist, were seen

*Like four forgotten Gentlemen of France
Who, before supper of the Guillotine,
Had chosen one more dance.*

*And to the drum's tattoo, a charnel roll,
With last instinctive nicety had set,
Against the squalor of the Carmagnole,
A shapely Minuet.*

R. R. Roberts Glasgow.



BOOKS

REVIEWED BY ELIZABETH BOWEN

"The Sixth Heaven"

"The Contemporary Theatre"

"Transformation Scene"



"THE SIXTH HEAVEN" (Putnam; 8s. 6d.) is the continuation of L. P. Hartley's *The Shrimp and the Anemone*. A third volume, which is to conclude the story of Eustace Cherrington and his sister Hilda, is announced for the spring of this year. Deliberately I have avoided the word "sequel," with its suggestion of after-thought or of the ingenious revival of characters (of whose adventures the reader believed he had heard the last) for use again. In the main, I don't like sequels in that sense: once the curtain has fallen, it should remain down.

In the case, however, of this trilogy of Mr. Hartley's, it seems quite clear that the story was conceived as a whole. Not that he has resorted to a kind of book-form serialisation: there is no hint on the last page of either *The Shrimp and the Anemone* or of this present volume, *The Sixth Heaven*, of that ghostly beckoning sentence, in brackets and in italics—"To be continued." With consummate art, Mr. Hartley has made each of these two Eustace novels—and will, I feel instinctively certain, make the third—sufficient, as a novel, unto itself: at the same time, he has suggested, in the first and second, a movement towards a completion still to come. The arc of Eustace must be described, and will be.

In *The Shrimp and the Anemone* we met Eustace as a little boy—subject, as one adventure showed, to heart-attacks—living at Anchorstone, on the English East Coast, and in a curious, semi-rebellious relationship to his elder sister, Hilda—a beautiful, stark, fanatical, bullying child. Instigated, in the first place, by Hilda, Eustace visited the house and became the protégé of Miss Fothergill—a crippled and repulsively disfigured rich old lady living at Anchorstone. Towards the end of *The Shrimp and the Anemone* came the announcement that Miss Fothergill, dying, had bequeathed to Eustace a sum of money—which irresponsible rumour first puts at £68,000, but which cold reality is to reduce to £18,000. Under the influence of the first excitement, Eustace promised to divide the legacy with Hilda. The promise—which he is covertly to regret, and which, anyhow, his youth makes it impossible for him immediately to put into effect—is to remain morally present with him.

IN *The Sixth Heaven*, the Eustace whom we rejoin is an undergraduate at post-war Oxford. The war which has finished is the 1914-18: as in the Oxford of this second post-war period, many of the undergraduates have seen service and are well into their twenties—Eustace is twenty-three. Incidentally—no, not incidentally, for nothing which is to affect Eustace is not in vital relation to Mr. Hartley's plan—the picture of that Oxford is brilliant. In a world of youthful, ageless sophistication, of æstheticism, privileged oddity and flowering personalities, Eustace has attained to a self-confidence which, if wavering, is stronger than any known before.

But, on the horizon is, always, Hilda—of whom, in the first chapter, he speaks to his friend, Stephen. The sister, the daunting girl-child of *The Shrimp and the Anemone*, is now nominal secretary, actual driving force, of a Surrey clinic for crippled children. Towards

the expansion of Hilda's clinic Eustace, true to his boyish promise on the Anchorstone sands, has contributed part of Miss Fothergill's legacy. It is to be clear, from her descent on Oxford and high-handed interference in her brother's affairs, that the clinic by no means absorbs Hilda's energies: she is far from finished with Eustace yet. Indifferently wearing her beauty, scornful of admiration, terrifyingly concentrated, unaware of society and above finesse, this is the Hilda of Anchorstone we have already known.

In fact, the pre-existence of the grown-up in the child, and the survival of the child in the grown-up—and why not?—it is always the same character—is a *forte* of the Mr. Hartley of this three-part novel. The relation between this brother and sister—turbulent, complex, emotional, moral—is not dissolved or modified by the years. Rather, as something inseparable from their two temperaments, it has fed and thriven on time; it has gained in stature and only needs further happenings to be defined in form. Once inside the orbit of two interlocked fates—Eustace's and Hilda's—everything, the slightest happening, is significant.

Between these two there is more than a tie, there is a struggle. All that Eustace envisages with desire—as his own nature, ripening in clement air, declares, or attempts to declare, itself—seems to Hilda wrong. How far do deference, self-assertion, love, pride (in her), ironical fatalism and resentment sort themselves out in Eustace's attitude? What is his submerged motive in compelling her to accept, with him, Dick Stavely's invitation to a week-end at Anchorstone Hall?

ANCHORSTONE HALL, as the local great house, had cast its magnetic shadow over Eustace's, though never Hilda's, modest childhood. With Dick's reappearance in Eustace's Oxford life (as dynamic young Tory politician and war hero of fantastic record, speaker at an undergraduate club), fatality not so much shows its hand, which Mr. Hartley has never let out of view, as, again, hungrily twitches and stretches out its fingers. Eustace, who himself so well remembers, is to find Dick Stavely has not forgotten that attraction to Hilda of years ago. In forcing Hilda to follow him off her accepted own ground on to a perilous terrain, is Eustace actuated, only, by the innocent snobbery of hoping to see his sister the next Lady Stavely of Anchorstone? Dick is, admittedly, dangerous: that there is also a minefield in Hilda's nature only, probably, Hilda's brother knows.

The week-end at Anchorstone Hall occupies the second half of the book, and is the modulated climax of *The Sixth Heaven*. It would be an amazing piece of writing were one not, by this point, half-way through the novel, already acclimatised to amazement where Mr. Hartley's powers are concerned. Even so, as a depiction of a particular social atmosphere, as a diagnosis at once of English upper-class conventions and of the whirlpools beneath them, and as a showing of characters in play, the week-end is without parallel in contemporary fiction.

Two guests, other than Eustace and Hilda Cherrington, stand out: Lady Nelly, Dick Stavely's enchanting, vaguely delinquent aunt—whose invitation to Eustace to stay in her

house in Venice will, we may take it, bear fruit in the book to come—and the quicksilver Anthony Lachish, Eustace's friend.

No man or woman is in this book for nothing—even the guests at Barbara Cherrington's Willesden wedding play their part: they advance the internal plot. . . . I felt conscious, reading *The Sixth Heaven*, that this is a novel quite out of scale with reviewers' small-talk—it demands serious long-term criticism. In everyday terms, Mr. Hartley's vision of character and its inherent fatefulness is uncanny—actually, there is nothing uncanny about art, which is simply a thing we do not expect. The humour, intimacy and visual brilliance of this novel are not, in any reckoning, to be overlooked. Mr. Hartley belongs to no group or generation: he is ungroupable, and he seems to have created for himself, or to constitute in himself, a generation of his own.

"THE CONTEMPORARY THEATRE, 1944-45" (Harrap; 12s. 6d.), is an assemblage of James Agate's *Sunday Times* theatre criticisms. As such, its welcome must be assured: from me it requires little more than announcement. I have had occasion to comment, before now, on the advantage of reading Mr. Agate's articles, whether on the theatre or the cinema, consecutively—following the development of his arguments, watching them checked against but not checked by the opinions of his week-to-week correspondents, and marking the qualifications, if not amendments, he introduces himself. The desolating similarity to one another of the greater number of London's West End plays does not, by what seems a miracle, stale his wit or induce repetition in his comments—though he does (in "Why Not a Pre-view?") find this worthy of note—

If it is difficult for the dramatic critic to put himself in the place of the ordinary playgoer, it is impossible for the O.P. to put himself in the place of the D.C. Presumably the O.P. spends the hours before going to the theatre in the state in which Cressida plunged Troilus. Expectation whirls him round. Whereas to the D.C. the notions of première and treadmill are inseparable. And here I have an idea. This is that the theatres should take a leaf out of the cinema's book and give the critics a pre-view of all plays. With this difference, that in the pre-view of, say, a light comedy, only that part would be shown in which it differs from all other light comedies.

In the course of some thirty years of professional playgoing I must have seen a minimum of 5000 alleged new plays—the number is probably much higher—of which a good half have been light comedies. This means that I have watched 2500 pairs of lovers bounce about with tennis racquets in the first act, quarrel in the second act, and make it up, in pre-war days, somewhere between ten-thirty and eleven o'clock. Wherefore my pre-view system would eliminate all young men in tennis trousers and all misses in their teens, while heavy fathers would spare us their avoirdupois, and cross-grained old ladies with ebony walking-sticks and hearts of gold would also vanish.

"Here I have an idea. . . ." There is always, with Mr. Agate, this ignition. Curl and writhe as it may do under that caustic wit, the English theatre ought to see in Mr. Agate not only not

its enemy but its truest, if frankest, friend. He nurses—and, still better, fosters in us—an unconquerable hope. *Why go to the theatre?* Because you never know: great things have been done and more may be still to do.

The last five articles, containing an examination of the working conditions of the theatre, are, their author tells us, the real preface to this book. They offer much to reflect on—the provincial prospect; the desirability of decentralisation; the advisability, for an ambitious young actor, of overcoming his pro-West-End fixation, with counsel as to how to comport himself in the provinces; and a stirring reminder, to city fathers, that the National Theatre of the future must still, however high be its aim, rely on the ancient glamour for drawing-power.

The first of the five articles, "Show Business or Drama?" is the more inspiring for its harsh good sense. . . . "Theatre versus Cinema" leaps the question of rivalry and defines, as unconflicting, the proper function of each. We are also engaged in the controversy of Great Acting *v.* good (distributed) team acting; and Mr. Agate drives (without breaking) several successive lances against the "production" fetish of recent years. His notes on the different Shakespeare productions (to use the word in the less inflated sense) of 1944-45 have the range and background we may, from him, expect. Background—his critical background—appears all through, giving non-ephemeral value to his comments on the most ephemeral play. . . .

The Contemporary Theatre shows significant dates: between these, the atomic bomb appeared, World War II. ended; but our entertainments, apparently, went on much as before.

* * *

CLAUDE HOUGHTON's novels are disturbing at the time (the time of reading) and haunting later. In his latest, *Transformation Scene* (Collins; 8s. 6d.), we have a man who may or may not have committed a murder—until the end he does not himself know. Since childhood he has walked in his sleep; his dreams, always of great intensity, often have corresponded with real-life fact; and he has had personal reasons for wishing dead the girl who is found stabbed in her Chelsea flat. Max hates Carol because she is his mistress: there is a pathological twist in his character—due to an abnormal childhood, one early shocking incident and the dominance over him of his dream-life, personified by the little girl Frederika, long-dead child of the Empty House.

Max is a painter of genius. That he is also a "case," whose story can but be a case-history, to my mind deprives *Transformation Scene* of what might be, otherwise, general emotional strength. All the more, for this reason, must I admire the convincingness with which the novel is written, and its power not only to hold one's interest, but to get under one's skin. It has, possibly, other faults—too many of the characters talk too much; though, as against this, it could be argued that every word spoken and every mood made felt adds something to the psychological climate: the scene is London 1944. In this late war year of Mr. Houghton's vision, people are ridden hard by their own fantasies, or seek refuge in buffoonery or bravado. Throughout the story reverberate the V-2's.



Mr. Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald, the editor, shows a copy of "The Book of the Horse" to one of the contributors, Mr. Leonard Jayne. On the right are Major-Gen. Geoffrey White, another contributor, and Major Guy Paget



The editor talking to Count Robert Orssich, the brilliant horseman



Brig.-Gen. T. H. S. Marchant, the moving spirit of the Institute of the Horse, with Mrs. Marchant

To Introduce "The Book of the Horse"

A PARTY was held recently at 26, Manchester Square, W.1, to celebrate the publication of *The Book of the Horse* (Nicholson and Watson; £2 2s.), an exhaustive and magnificently illustrated work edited by Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald. Two of the pictures from it are shown on the opposite page. The guests at the party, many of whom were contributors, included Viscount Knutsford, Lady Kitty Ritson, Sir Berkeley Pigott, General Sir Beauvoir de Lisle, Major-Gen. and Mrs. Geoffrey White, Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Marchant, Mrs. D. G. Mathew, Major Guy Paget, Mr. Leonard Jayne, Count Robert Orssich, Major and Mrs. Stanley Barratt, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Batchelor and Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Street. Count Orssich and Mrs. Mathew have both won great distinction in the show ring. Mr. Leonard Jayne has lately established a new headquarters for pony-racing at Hawthorn Hill, near Maidenhead, in place of the defunct Northolt Park Racecourse

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir,
Why do you allow Mr. Bax to make himself ridiculous in your columns? Worse still, he makes your paper ridiculous. Mr. Alan Dent was secretary to Mr. Agate, the acknowledged head of his profession, for fifteen years. Do you seriously think that the pupil has outstripped the master? Mr. Agate has written some twenty books about the theatre. What and where is Mr. Dent's output?

I am more than astonished that you should print the offensive remark about your film critic's style. Did you not read Miss Bowen's review of his *Around Cinemas* which I published? Or is it the modern fashion in editing

not to read what goes into an editor's paper?

H. VAN THAL.

Mr. Clifford Bax ("Self-Profile," November 6th) was asked for his views, gave them, and they were printed. Shri! Mr. van Thal is here afforded a similar courtesy. [Ed.]

Sir,

Although you no longer run a motoring page (couldn't it be restored, by the way?), will you give a weight to every motorist's views about the continued farce of petrol rationing?

To be asked, as one is at many garages these days, "Black or White?"

is surely dragging the law beyond the limits of contempt.

Whether or no it be true that this control is only continued in order to keep a large number of jacks in office, the one certain fact is that the sufferers are the dwindling body of honest motorists.

J. DANE.

Sir,

In former years "The Tatler" gave space to illustrative dog notes of the Ladies' Kennel Association.

Many of our members are asking whether this will be allowed again, as

it was of great interest and pleasure to many people.

BARONESS BURTON.

(Chairman of the Ladies' Kennel Association.)

Notes on the Ladies' Kennel Association will be resumed in the near future. [Ed.]

Sir,

In your issue of December 18th I was much interested to read in R. C. Robertson-Glasgow's article of his reference to the three Graces—W. G., E. M., and C. F. Were they brothers?

M. EADON.

Yes. All three played for Gloucestershire. [Ed.]

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



MacDonald — Fellowes-Rowley

The Rt. Hon. Malcolm MacDonald and his bride, the former Audrey Fellowes-Rowley, photographed after the wedding at Government House, Ottawa, with Viscount Alexander and Viscountess Alexander. At the extreme left is Mr. Arnold Heeney, who was best man, and Miss Sheila MacDonald, sister of the bridegroom, who was a bridesmaid



Garnett — Fisher

Capt. William Francis Garnett, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Garnett, of Stockhill, Settle, Yorkshire, married Miss Margaret Mary Fisher, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Fisher, of The Five Houses, Winchelsea, Sussex, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Bastard — Dennistoun-Webster

The marriage took place at St. James's, Spanish Place, of Mr. John Rodney Bastard, only son of Col. and Mrs. R. Bastard, of Killey Park, Yealmpton, Devon, and Miss José Dennistoun-Webster, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Dennistoun-Webster. The bridesmaids are Susan Orrsich and Jane Pollen, and the pages are Paul Orrsich, Nikolas Bonsor and Michael Westmacott



Atkinson-Clark — Lumley

The wedding took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, of Mr. Cecil Atkinson-Clark, son of Mr. George Atkinson-Clark, of Tickhill Castle, near Doncaster, and Miss Patricia Lumley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hope Lumley, of Bruton Place. Attendants are Jonathan Lumley and Elizabeth King



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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Harlip

Miss Essex Lucy Cholmondeley, is engaged to **Viscount Kilcourse**, the **Earl of Cavan's** son and heir



Miss Katherine Kennedy is to marry **Mr. Ion Melville Calvocoressi**, only son of **Mrs. M. J. Calvocoressi**



Miss Joan Mary Fulcher, who is to marry in February **Mr. William Francis Outram** of **Newland Hall** near **Lancaster**



Miss Margaret Williamson is engaged to **Mr. James G. Gordon**, only son of **Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Gordon**.



Miss Elsie Margaret Mary Hamilton Dalrymple is to marry **Major Martin Antony Gibbs**, **Coldstream Guards**



Miss Prudence Stewart-Wilson, whose engagement is announced to **Major Eric Penn**, **M.C.**, **Grenadier Guards**



Miss Grania Geraldine Kennedy is to marry **Captain Edward de Lerisson Cazenove**, **Coldstream Guards**



The Hon. Elizabeth Cholmondeley whose engagement is announced to **Sir Evelyn Broughton**, **Bt.**



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Oliver Stowart on FLYING

It is, in a way, sad to see the glories of Londonderry House supplanted by the austerities of a business centre. Yet there is no kind of business centre I would rather have there than the one now being created. It is certainly much more pleasant to see officials of the Royal Aero Club, the British Gliding Association, the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators, the British Air Charter Association and the Aerodrome Owners' Association seated at the beautifully made, original tables and desks, than to see Civil Servants in those positions.

The special fund created by the Royal Aero Club to maintain and operate Londonderry House as an Air Centre has produced a generous response and—within the limits laid down by the Minister of Health—work is going on well. Some of the fine ceilings have been damaged, but many parts of the house are still fundamentally sound and the correct policy has been adopted of keeping the place as pleasant-looking as possible. To help in this Lord Londonderry is lending the pictures.

Responsibilities of Aviation

My visit to Londonderry House, like my visit to a famous country house now sold for building or a bombing range (it does not really matter which) impressed upon me the great responsibilities aviation now bears. For aviation is the great creative activity of the moment. In the future much will depend upon whether it insists upon having things which are not only mechanically efficient, but also in themselves beautiful.

It ought to make sure that its aerodromes are good to look at, and their buildings well found and well furnished. It ought to go to great lengths to ensure that the furnishings of aircraft themselves exact good taste and fine craftsmanship. Aviation might give a lead in taking us away from the dreadful, dreary

cheapness and tawdriness that is tending to engulf us.

After all the National Trust (which always has my urgent support) is merely a conserving authority. The creation of the beautiful places it tries to protect was done long ago. Aviation is still in its creative period. Will it create something worth keeping?

Wing-Tip Tails

In all the comments made upon the twin-jet Armstrong-Whitworth tailless aircraft, I did not see one about what I feel to be its weak point. I refer to the vertical fin and rudder surfaces at the wing tips. In my view no aircraft has the right to call itself "tailless" when it carries these surfaces. It is obvious that a rudder is less well placed for producing yaw without strain at a wing tip than at the end of a fuselage.

Half of the advantages of the tailless design are thrown away if you set up wing-tip fins and rudders. The Messerschmitt idea was much better; that of doing away with the cruciform tail, but substituting a tail in a single plane, the vertical. You then have a fuselage, but you do away with tailplane and the ordinary elevator.

The same scheme was to be seen in the Swallow and it is much more logical than that which entails using fins and rudders at the wing tips. If, however, one could produce a really tailless machine, then one might claim that the reduction in wetted area by the elimination of fuselage was a genuine advantage. But shall we ever build machines with wings so huge that comfortable accommodation can be found within them? At present one wants all the wing space and all the fuselage space that can be found.

Anyhow, the Armstrong-Whitworth job will be most useful in elucidating a number of points about wing sections and moderate sweep-back. It is an excellent piece of construction.



Dame Vera Laughton Mathews had a reception given in her honour at Simpson's, Piccadilly, recently, when members of the W.R.N.S. had the opportunity to say farewell to her on her retirement as Director (Above) Dr. S. L. Simpson, Mrs. A. V. Alexander, Dame Vera Laughton Mathews, and Mr. A. V. Alexander, Minister without Portfolio and former First Lord of the Admiralty

Cockpit Design

Cockpit layout has in the past been a haphazard affair. But considering all things the results have not been too bad. Control arrangements are generally sensible and it is only the multiplication of instruments and the absence of a standard arrangement that has led to difficulties.

But the step of the Aircraft Industries Association of America in asking the British Air Line Pilots' Association to collect the views of pilots on the subject is probably well advised. One gets more and more suspicious of questionnaires as more of them are circulated. But the questionnaire (not questionnaire, please) does do one thing; it stimulates thought and discussion. And if we are to improve cockpit layout it will be mainly through the agency of thought and discussion.

I see, by the way, that the word "cockpit" is now being looked at with disfavour. It is argued that the term cockpit ought to give way to the term "control cabin."

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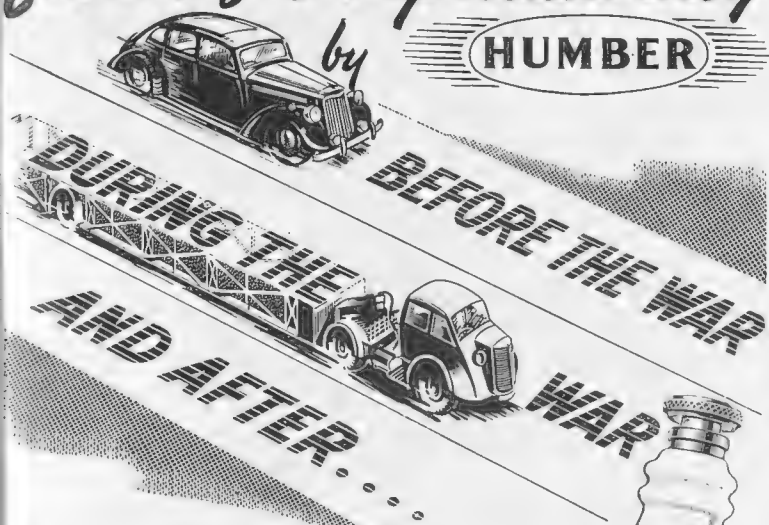
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January

January is the month of Resolutions—including those passed at Shareholders' meetings. Companies, firms, private individuals and others engaged in business conduct an annual review, pass resolutions and present their balance sheets. Among the assets shown in balance sheets is "Cash at Bank": it means cash when you want it, where you want it and how you want it—a reminder of the unfailing service given by a modern bank.

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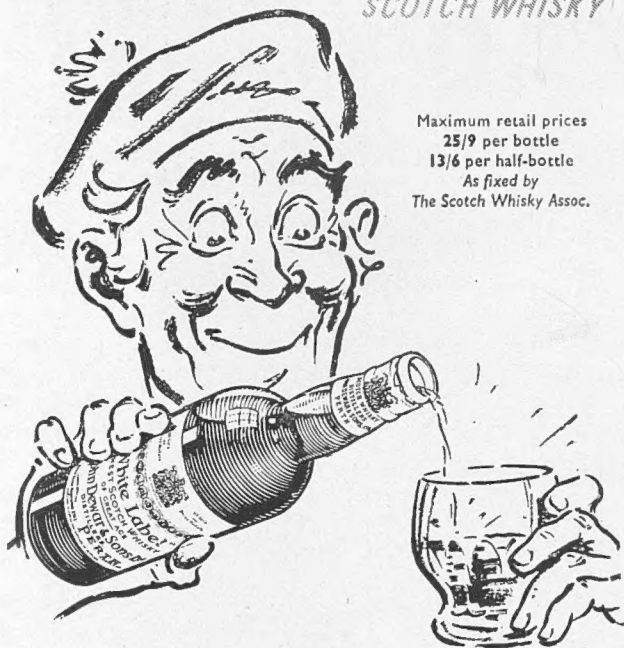
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Woman — the paradox

When a woman says yes, she probably means no . . . and vice versa. When she says nothing at all she says most. And is dangerous. When she converses volubly she then says least. And is safe. No man can understand her language, comprehend her values or discern her motives. She is, and ever will be, a paradox. She does, however, for her own inscrutable reasons, find manifest pleasure in self-beautification. And this, incidentally, seems to explain her preference for Personality Turtle Oil Soap as an assured means of serving her unsuitable feminine purpose.

Personality a soap of exclusive quality, is sold only by the best shops. It costs 1/10 a tablet and two rations.

PERSONALITY BEAUTY PRODUCTS LTD. ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH

V226



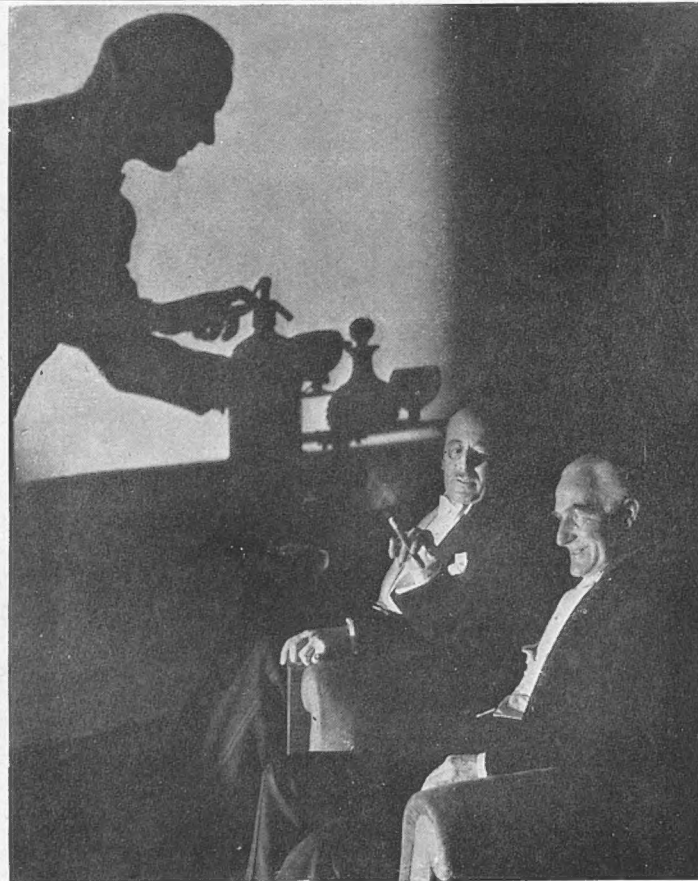
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VAPEX

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